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CONTENTS

Volume 2, Issue 1
Summer 1985

COLUMNS

Letters to the Editor ►3,5

Toys For Us
Susie Bright
Turning the Other Cheek, and how to do it well. ►6

Fantasies In The Field
D. Vadar
Homage to a Fantasy Slave ►9

Sextracts
Lesbian Sex News From All Over ►11

Sexpoint
Honey Lee Cottrell
Bulldagger, One Year Later ►13

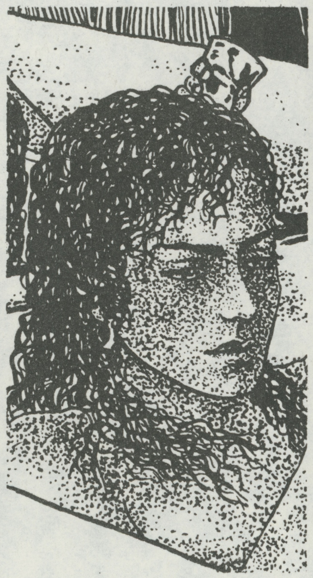
In The Pink
Suzanne Gage
The Clit Spot ►37

Video Reviews
Simone A., and Barbara LaRue
"Smokers" and "Erotic In Nature ►39

FICTION/POETRY

Audio Visual
Hayfield
The Pleasures of Peeping ►18

Humming
Sandy Boucher
A lady gardener, a Buddhist meditation center, and an unusual marriage. ►28



Etudie Erotique
K.N.C. Minns
A welcome intruder, a lasting impression ►34

FEATURES

north
beach
girl
d she belong, this
d Erin? What did
nt? Was it what
ad to offer? The
kicks of San
o's Beatnik
rld...
back cover)
john trinian

Twilight Tales: Lesbian Pulps
Roberta Yusba
Behind a sleazy paperback cover were the first popular stories of lesbian life. ►30

Notes On Contributors ►45

Classifieds
(Almost) Free Personals, and our most appealing selection ever! ►46

ARTS

Comix
Ingrid Wilhite ►3

Alley Cats
Dawn Lewis
Teri and Caerage show the back streets a thing or two. ►14

Desperately Seeking Elexis and Rachael
H.L. Cottrell & Erica Marcos
Centerfold Seeks Hot Readers For Good Time ►20

The Family Pearl
J.A. Cherry, Tee Corrinne, Barbie Painter
Kissing cousins, all of them. ►32

Cover by H.L. Cottrell
Models: Rachael and Elexis

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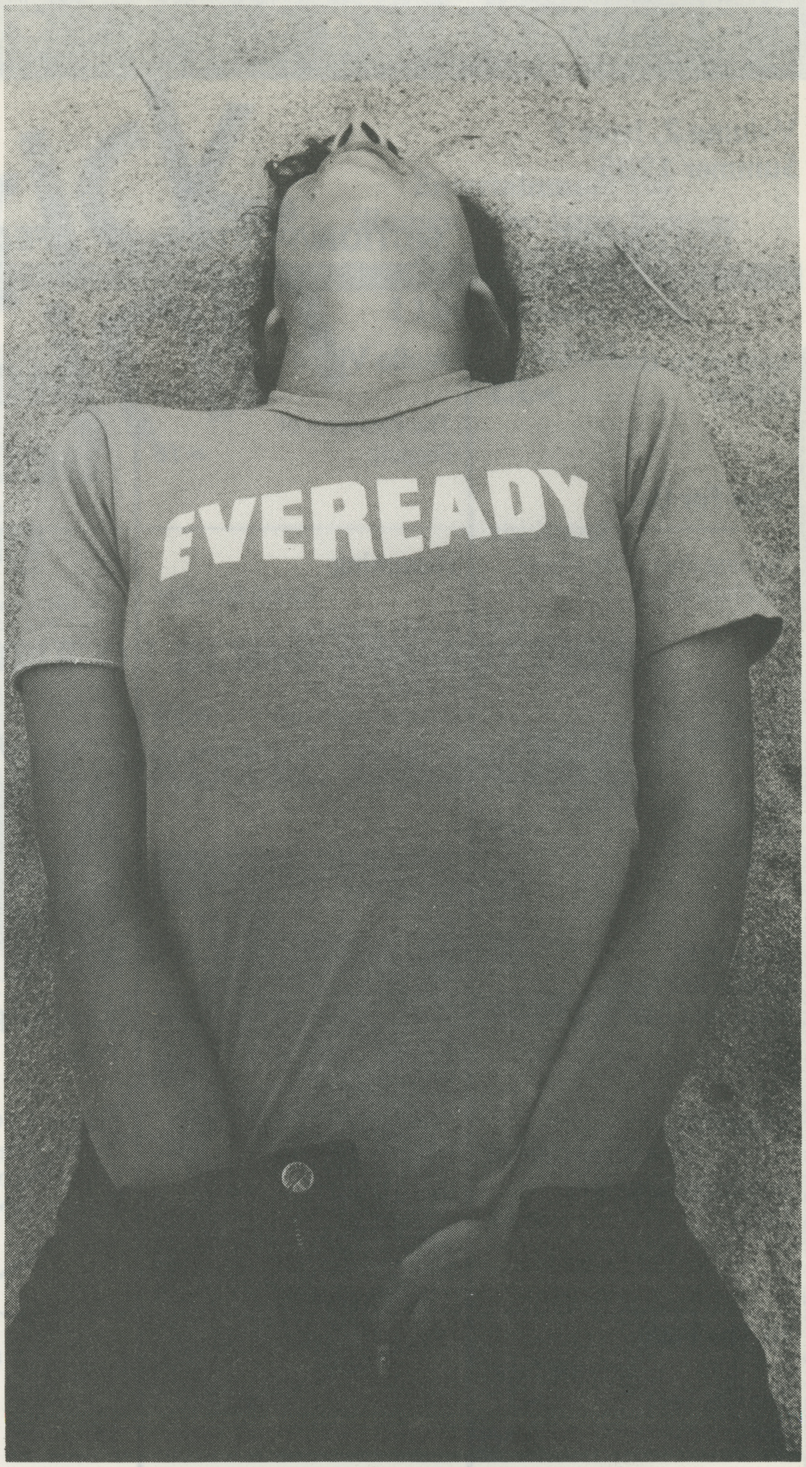

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LETTERS LOVE/LUST/LONGING

Congratulations on the success of your magazine. I hope you continue the marvelous way you promote the lesbian lifestyle. I truly love it! It's about time someone published a decent and honest magazine about lesbians!

Susan
Sacramento, CA

PS. I get On Our Backs at Fancy's Adult Books.

Ed: Thanks for the pic, Susan!

Finally! A women's magazine to explore some new ideas and aspects of lesbianism. Things were getting very boring for me in the other feminist magazines and I was just about to give up hope for any alternatives, when a Chicago bartender turned me onto OOB. We've needed to hear more about the sexual experiences of women and to have a forum for new ideas and philosophies. We don't necessarily have to agree with all of them, but who knows? Trying things "on" mentally or physically can prove to be quite stimulating sometimes . . . Keep up the great work.

L.S.
Chicago

Enclosed is $15.00 for a gift subscription to be sent to my daughter. It is a long story, but I will let her tell it to you if she wants. . . .

Mrs. P---
Cleveland, OH

I am writing to you from Yellow Springs, Ohio, my new place of residence after three years in San Francisco. It certainly is different living in a small mid-western town of 4,000 after the big city—my van doesn't get its windows broken once a month anymore, and life is generally slower. But sexually most of the dykes here are still in the closet. I used to go to Captain Video and rent faggot porn a lot and I really got off on it. Here, if the video clubs carry any porn at all it's hetero and I'm usually put off by the male/female dynamics between the partners. Lesbian films made by dykes was just a fantasy . . . until a friend sent me a copy of your video ad in the S.F. gay press. So please save me from this gay wasteland and send me copies of "Penthouse", "Shadows", and "Fun with a Sausage". Thanks to you for filling a large need in the lesbian world.

Ms. W

I enjoy your magazine so much—the work and graphics are excellent. How I'd love to meet some of the womyn who are contributors. Let me know when "Bizarro In Love" will be available I am—YOURS,

True Brit
Ontario, Canada

I have read your magazine for the past year. I thank you for the prompt delivery, but I must express my final dislike of the magazine. With every issue, I was hoping to see less S/M but there is only more. Lust is one thing, but I cannot relate to cruelty. You have your right to see things as you must, and my opinion matters little. Thank you.

Betty
Washington

I am sooo glad you exist. Lately I have been hearing trashings of you. From the Women's Festival in Michigan to the latest issue of *off our backs*. Equating your mag with pornographic shit mags doesn't make sense. I think the women who criticize OOB are just afraid of the revealing nature of S/M. They trash it out of fear of their own possibilities instead of politics. Keep up the good work and don't give in to the criticism. In spirit,

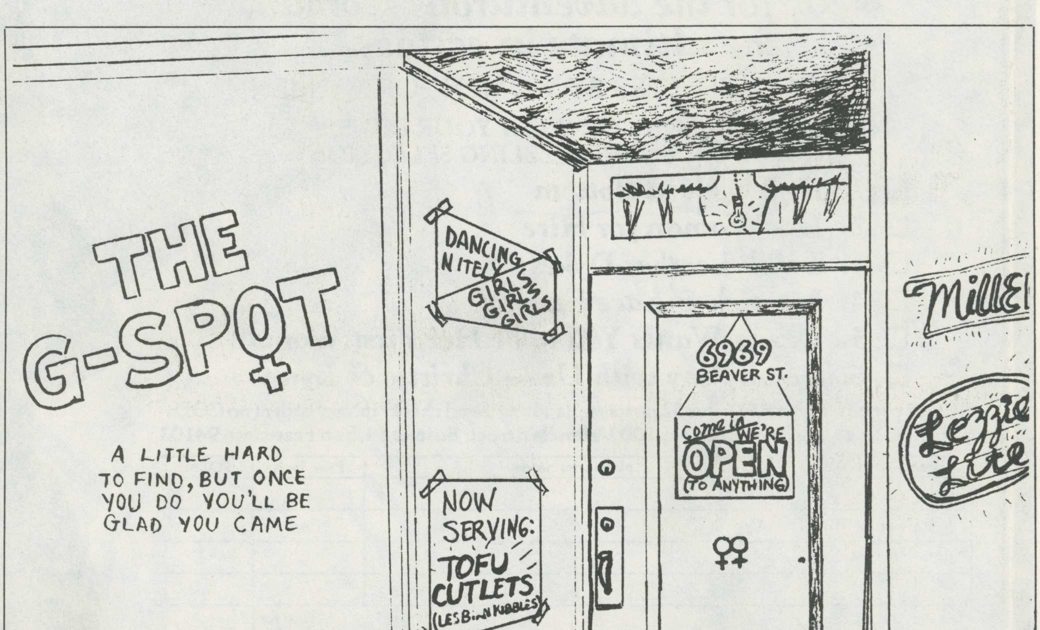
Bridgid
Wisconsin

I like the intelligent way you deal with lesbian sex. It's like the first day you feel the warm breeze of spring breathe life into you, and you just stand in the sun and soak it all in. You still can't get enough because it feels so natural and you've been empty for so long. This is my initial reaction after having read your first three issues.

Lorraine
Indiana

Your first issue was a gift from a friend in Phoenix. My mate and I have been doing some talking after reading your first three issues. We've touched on subjects of mutual interest never before brought up. If I were to write erotica satisfying to myself, it would be what you have published. It

continued on page 5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Continued from page 3

seems too good to be true. Everything fits and feels comfortable. Thanks.

Sal
Iowa

I will not be going to the New England Women's Music Retreat (NEWMR) this summer as a craftswoman. I sell t-shirts with my own designs on them, and have been at the festival for several years. A couple of my designs are pro-S/M. All of them are pro-womyn.

I did an experiment with the text of the NEWMR "Pro Healing" (Anti-S/M) policy. I substituted the word "lesbian" everytime they used the word "S/M". For example, "There will be no sale of 'Lesbian' paraphernalia." "There will be no public displays of 'Lesbian' technique." It reminded me of how the National Organization of Women censored lesbianism in the 60s. And now the lesbians are censoring S/M.

I think we all know how difficult it is to be lesbian in a straight society. It feels the same to be pro-S/M in the lesbian society; never quite sure how someone you care about will react. It is as hard to tell someone why you are involved in S/M as it was to tell a straight friend why you love womyn. And there are womyn that I feel over-step the bounds of sensitivity to others in their display of S/M just as womyn in my past have over-stepped the bounds of sensitivity to others in their display of lesbianism in my eyes.

If NEWMR had issued a statement acknowledging the strong feelings of some of the womyn who have gone to NEWMR, acknowledging the rights of all to the support of womyns' space, and asking all womyn to be sensitive to both pro-S/M and con-S/M supporters I would not be upset. There is a fine line between censorship and sensitivity to the needs of all womyn, and compromises can be hard. My belief is that out of compromise, all womyn can grow.

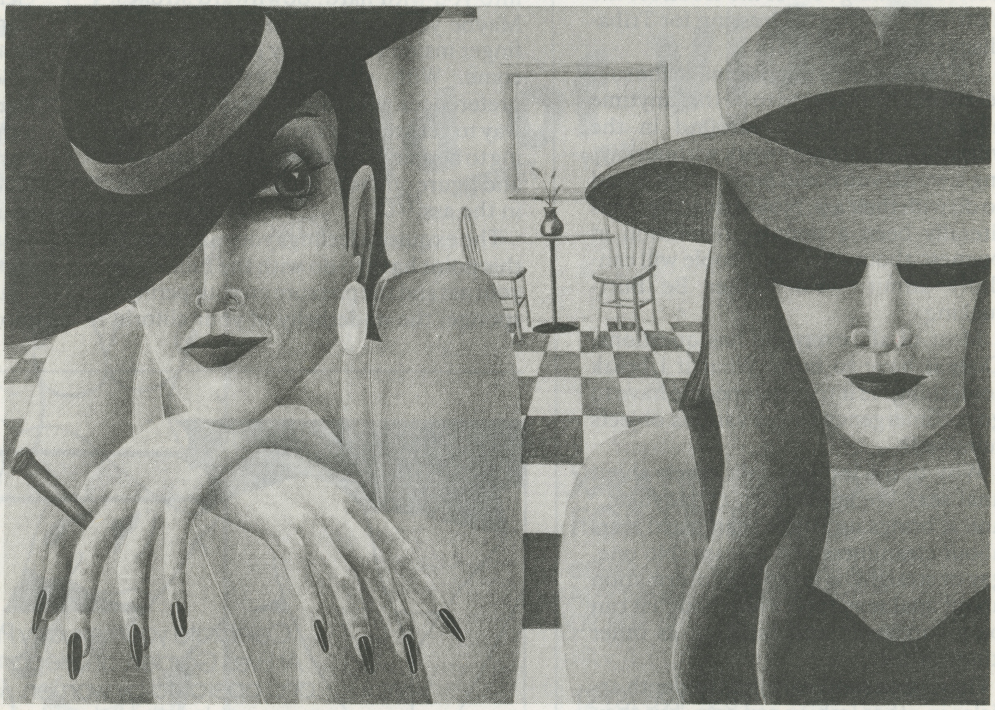
NEWMR has censored womyn at NEWMR. Whatever the reasons for this, it is still censorship. That changing two words could so drastically alter the message of that beginning paragraph, supports this belief. So, I will miss all of you at NEWMR this year. I can't support censorship in this community, whatever the reason.

Margles

To the Lady of The Lake, who wrote "The Telephone" in the Summer Issue: Have you ever talked to a woman in Chicago named Judith? I met her over the phone through a local gay-lesbian dating service, and spent at least 20 hours on the phone with her before we met in person. This woman made my telephone line melt, and had me dripping! She gave outrageous phone! Her voice soothed me, excited me, and commanded me.

Your story was a fabulous flashback. I won't lie to you: I didn't stop when "Clare" said to. Thanks.

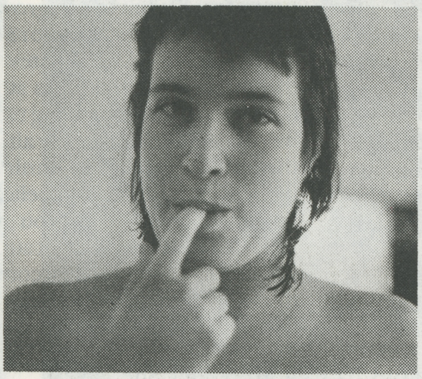
Deb
Chicago



Errata: The illustration on page 32 of the Spring issue was drawn by the illustrious Kim Larson of San Francisco. Our apologies for the omission.

TOYS FOR US

by Susie Bright



Susie Sexpert Reports:

Has it really been a year since Susie Sexpert first stuck her finger in her mouth? (Confidential to Liz in Wyoming: Do you *really* think it's the sexiest photo in the magazine?) Ever since, Ms. Sexpert has been spreading free advice to the lustlorn. Yes, I am taking 90% of the credit for the Year of the Dildo. "Dressing for Tribadism" is in the works.

I'd like to devote this column to the subject of anal sex. It used to be that anytime a customer squirmed around in the vibrator store where I work without saying a word, you could be sure that it had to do with their ass. Nowadays, there has literally been a popular revolution in openess about anal sex. People will candidly admit, "I'd Rather Be Buttfucking."

Most of all, everyone has questions: Does it have to hurt? What if I break something? Is it true that people have to go to Emergency to get various objects removed?

Why don't lesbians talk much about anal sex? We know it isn't "ladylike," and it brings up larger-than-usual fears about cleanliness and disease. No one, gay or straight, is given any information about anal sexuality, even though it can be as orgasmic and fulfilling as other kinds of sex.

I have seen some excellent in-depth articles in other lesbian sex rags, but they all seem geared towards elbow-length fisting, rather than the more common concerns of Jane Doe, who is simply trying to stick her pinky into her own, or her lover's, virgin little rosebud.

It's really quite simple. The main idea is that your ass actively receives, and opens up to penetration through relaxation and arousal. It cannot be pushed open like a vagina, which (let's be frank) can more easily be shoved around. No, your anus must definitely make the first move.

Anal foreplay, and sometimes the best part, is playing with the crack between the cheeks, and the sensitive little wrinkles that surround the hole. This is the perfect time to start dabbling into the vegetable oil. You want oodles of lubrication, so be generous. Your rectum and anus do not provide wetness aside from the sweat of anticipation. You really can't use too much lube.

Moving into the asshole is where you definitely need to speak up. (Masturbators can conveniently skip this step.) The old anal cliche, "lubrication and communication" should be your motto. Check in with your partner to see how it's feeling and where to go from here.

Let's say you want your lover to stick her index finger just a little way in, and then hold it here, absolutely motionless, for a couple of minutes until your ass is completely relaxed. Then, you want her to completely change tactics and thrust into you with hard, downward strokes. Maybe you want her to move another finger inside very slowly just before you come. With all these variations and preferences, you can see that there is no way to get around talking. No lover is going to be able to look deeply into your eyes and figure out how you like to get fucked in the ass.

The exquisite feelings you may have at this point have to do with the fullness in your ass and the pressure on your perineal sponge; the underbelly of your clitoris. Your whole clit may very well be rock hard by now, especially if you've got hands in other places. (See "In the Pink" this issue, for more clit anatomy).

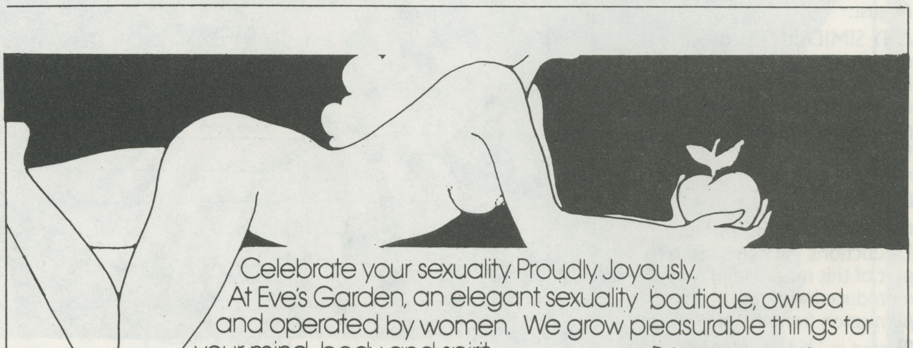
Whether it's fingers or objects that are being inserted, they should be utterly smooth and free of abrasion. It doesn't matter how big it is, what matters is whether it's scratchy. A little tear inside your anus or rectum coule be infected by the feces that pass through. Next time you see a well-manicured pair of hands, you'll know where they've been.

If you use a dildo, make sure it has a flared base, which acts as a stopper to prevent anything from slipping all the way into your anus. This is how people lose things up their butts: A woman comes to the vibrator store and buys a tiny slim vibrator with no base on its end. She thinks it will be an enormous task to slip even the head of the toy into her ass. Surprise, surprise, she finds herself so relaxed and ecstatic that she accidently slips the entire vibrator into her ass and doesn't even notice until after she's come. Now dhe sould just bear down and push it out, but the outrageousness of the episode might very well cause her to panic. Next stop, hospital room; with a red face and a tight ass. The doctor will dialate her rectum and retrieve the toy. End of story, and I hope my message is clear. Use your hands or a dildo with a flared base, and you will never have to deal with exotic hospital visits.

Some lovers like to use diamond-shaped "buttplugs" which have the advantage of being easily worn while your hands are free for other tasks. But if your favorite part is the thrusting action, then you can use whatever shape dildo pleases you. Any adult sex shop will carry these, by the way. As I say, they are all the rage.

Just between you and me, more and more heterosexuals are coming in with

Continued on page 44



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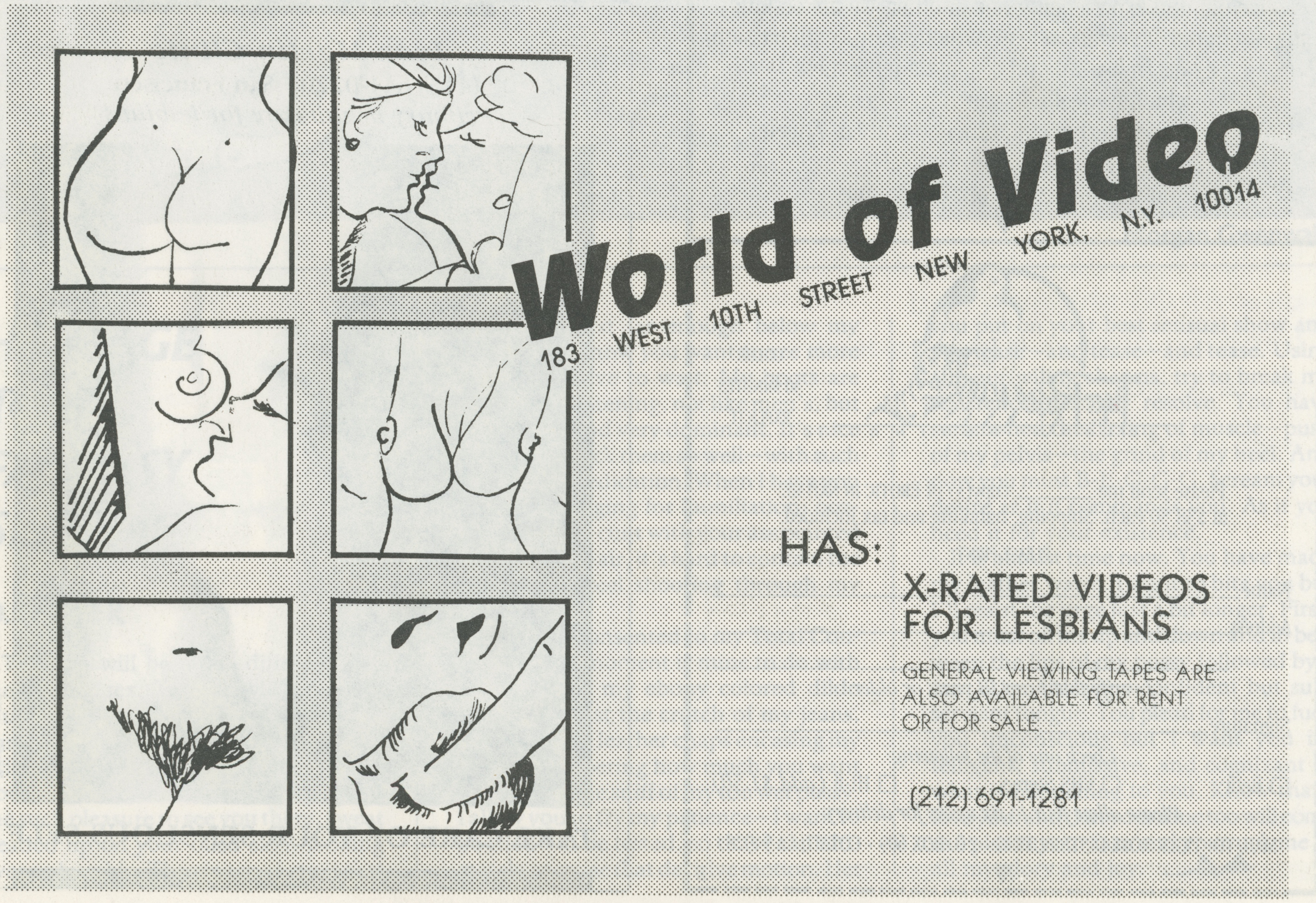

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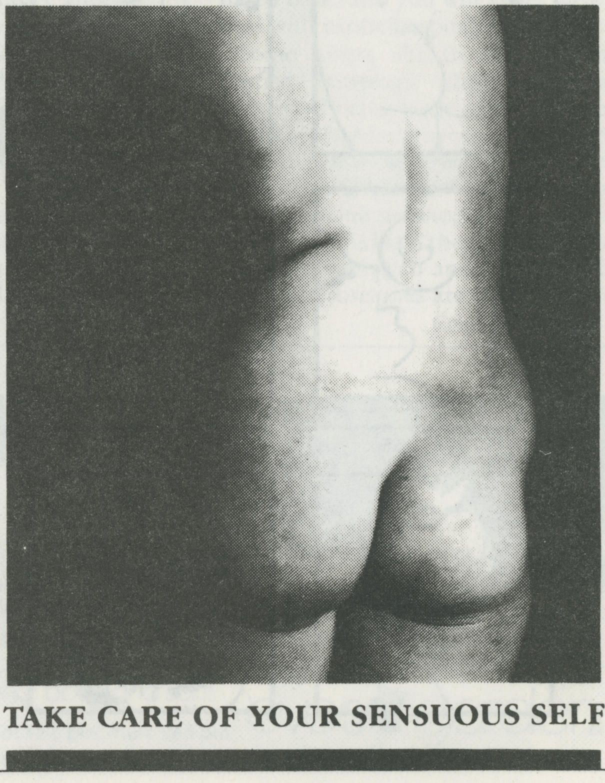

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Tonight, will be much different. No more weak sex. Tonight will be much, much different. Tonight we'll play the game my way. As you know, I am deprived, and really quite starved. I want you bitch—on your knees that is. It gives me such pleasure to see you there, sweat beaded up on your oiled skin, looking ever so humble. The zipper of my jacket is lowered just far enough below my cleavage—I know you want to see more but you'll have to wait. My boots are sharp and glistening, not like men's, but New Wave and very dominant. It's nice the way you lick them so well—with such feeling and dedication. When I have you this way, begging for humiliation, oozing from your cunt with your ass pointed high up in the air, it's hard to contain the electricity I feel shooting through my loins.

You have consented to my Total Control and the moment is mine to do with as I will. As my ebony colored dildo presses against the crotch of my jeans, you tug at the leather chaps encasing my thighs, whispering how much you want to take just one sniff of my too wet pussy. I allow you to try my patience—I want to be tried—to be tested, so that I can ultimately exercise that decisive motion. I let you put on your best sensual show and you tease—and tease—and tease. Using all your wiling charms, try to break my resistence—test my resolve. You have summoned the flexing of muscle—push of my pelvis—the grind of my heel. And now you must B-E-G-G-G. Scream your desire as if it commands you. As if you need it for your existence.

It is almost time now. You have made my leather warm. I want to bite you but I'll resist the urge just a bit longer. First, you must oil me up and down and in between the lips of my pussy followed by a few licks with your confident but subserviant tongue. You plead for me to fuck you unconscious but I want you intelligent, submissive, and cognizant of what is happening to you. Know that I love you, and that your time too will come as I piss in your face and you suck me in all my glory and joy.

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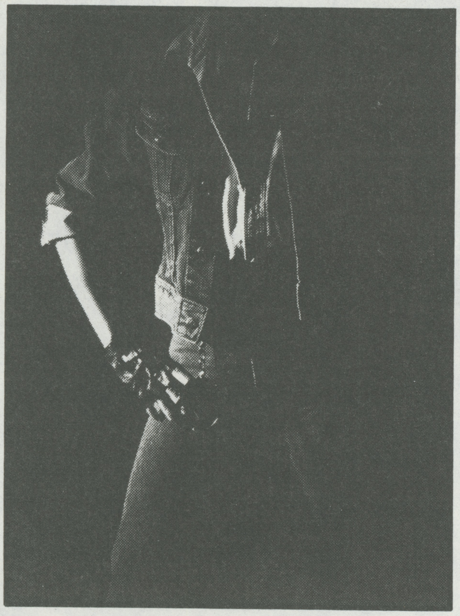

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the Flame

SEXTRACTS

Women's Weekend At Fife's

Gary Roverana/Fife's

Guerneville, CA - Over 3,000 lesbians arrived at the Northern California Russian River resort area to enjoy some fun in the sun over the May Day weekend. This traditional ''women's weekend'' has been going on for 7 years through word-of-mouth advertising. Popular resorts like Fife's and Drums offer live entertainment, poolside cruising, and disco dancing, while more nature-loving types head down to the river banks and take their chances with nude sunbathing. Party girls and more private vacationers both will find a warm and entirely gay retreat. See you next year!

New York - Only three of the hundreds of workshops at the 1985 *Conference on Women in the Law* were directly about pornography. But the issue of sex provoked huge interest at the NYC gathering. The Feminist Anti Censorship Taskforce (FACT) and Women Against Pornography (WAP) both had information tables only a few feet apart.

The flack began on the first day when Norma Ramos, a panelist on one of the porno legislation discussions, began crying and insisting that she be allowed to show slides of ''pornographic images.'' She was allowed to do so despite prior arrangements to not use visual presentations.

Sunday morning, several hundred women assembled to hear what was informally called ''The Great Debate''. FACT's Nan Hunter, a feminist lawyer and activist, was pitted against Catharine MacKinnon, the law professor who authored, with Andrea Dworkin, the Minneapolis and Indianapolis anti-porn bills. The audience discussion was extremely impassioned and tense. One woman spoke emotionally of the connection she felt between porn and her own prostitution at fifteen, while another asked MacKinnon if Lesbian images of dildo penetration could fall under the proposed anti-porn laws. MacKinnon repeatedly refused to respond to her question. A representative from a coalition of sex industry workers read a powerful condemnation of the laws which, she said, would not protect these workers but would pave the way for their harassment underground.

In welcome contrast to both of these workshops was one organized by Nan Hunter to explore the effects of censorship, both legal and social, on writing in the lesbian community. Joan Nestle gave an impassioned talk comparing recent scapegoating of sexual minorities to the repression of the McCarthy era. Jewelle Gomez, in her warm and humorous style, spoke about the ways in which writers, who have enough difficulties as it is, are tempted, persuaded, or coerced into self-censorship. Nan Hunter then spoke about the legal aspects of various forms of censorship and their effects on the lesbian community. The discussion which followed was novel in that women with opposing opinions listened to each other with attention and respect. It's about time.

Manhattan, NY—Why does the second largest gay city in the country not have a single lesbian bar to call their own? At least ten women's bars have been closed in the past year, including the oldest lesbian bar in the city, Ariel's, and also the popular dance spot, Network. Shescape, a luxurious disco that offers ''women's nights'' on the weekend, was raided in early March in the middle of a hot dance set. They wer cited for lack of a cabaret license which somehow reappeared within a week when the bar was reopened. Endless rumors about the Mafia and a police persecution amount to little hard facts, since bar management is cagey and absolutely unaccountable to their clientele.

San Francisco, CA—An X-Rated Rubyfruit Jungle? That's what film producer Bruce Campbell plans to do with the movie rights to this classic lesbian novel that made a celebrity out of author Rita Mae Brown. Campbell confided to the S.F. Chronicle that he plans to shoot ''Rubyfruit'' as a ''hard-R-rated'' commercial release, and then add X-rated lesbian love scenes to sell the movie to the adult film market. Brown, meanwhile, is steaming over Campbell's plans. ''I certainly hope nobody out there gives him money thinking they're helping me,'' she said. Campbell's assessment of Rita Mae? ''She's a very testy woman.''

***Sextracts** publicizes lesbian sex news from all over. On Our Backs requests readers to send in their local newsworthy sexual events*

Continued from page 42

into me, moving them inside, and the heel of her hand slowly rubs my tight clitoris. My clitoris is a nipple now, wanting to be sucked.

My hands grip Jeanine's back, kneading her shoulders, pressing her to me. We are slippery with sweat, where we touch. My mouth is hungry to taste her.

Jeanine lifts up, turns, leaving my breast to cradle my hips, lifting her leg across me. Just before she lowers herself onto me, I look up into the dark expanse of hair between her thighs, reach to spread the small silkily pink lips of her vagina. On the wall above the moons of her buttocks,leaps the silver-bodied woman in ecstatic movement.

Then she is upon me, her mouth closing over my cunt, her breast pressing into my belly, the weight of her hips on my shoulders, and, at last, the hot soft opening of her vagina for my mouth to suck and stroke. Jeanine moans, moves in quick instinctive shudders as she settles on me. I receive the weight and feel of her whole body; it opens me more. My face is lost in her cunt. We have become one being, our movement taking us in an ancient joyous pattern. There is no inside or outside to my body now. There is only this movement, yet I know I grip Jeanine's buttocks, stroke her back, press her even closer inside me. Within the storm of desire are the subtle movements of the dance in our bodies, moving deep inside us, taking us to that moment of dissolution.

Jeanine hums into my vagina, the vibrations lifting my body as I hear the pulse of the prayer wheel loud in the room. We are nothing but sound now, carried out beyond the limits of our minds, as our movement becomes an uncontrollable undulation. I know only the pungent hot softness of her cunt, my face plunged into it to suck and suck. Her own sucking sends waves up through me. Now the urgency peaks, and there is a moment of wanting so intense it feels like pain. I thrust against her and her mouth presses on me, hard now, she'll stay with me, she'll come with me, I suck and suck.

The moment breaks. I turn my head to muffle my cries against the soft flesh of her thigh. Long high ragged sounds are torn from me. I feel her groan of completion vibrating into my cunt, as my hips jerk, my fingers twitch against her back.

And then we are free, floating outside our contours in emptiness. A stillness, a perfect stasis opens beneath us.

Peace.

I let my arms fall from her body, open them, lie spread under her. She has rested her cheek against my thigh, absolutely still.

Turning my head I open my eyes to see the dancing goddess once again. She has

Continued on page 44

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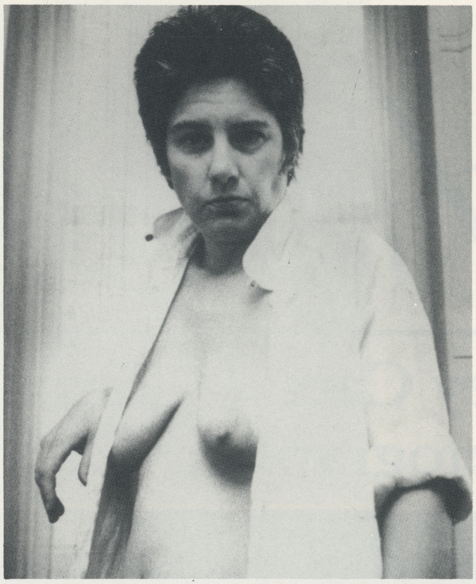
NAME: HONEY LEE COTTRELL
BUST: 36" WAIST: 29" HIPS: 39"
HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 135
BIRTHDATE: 1-16-46
BIRTHPLACE: JACKSON, MICHIGAN
AMBITIONS: PRINT MY COLOR NEGATIVES 16X20, MAKE PORN FILMS, LIVE IN ANOTHER COUNTRY FOR 15 YEARS
TURN-ONS: MY WOODEN DILDOE, THE WAY MY GIRLFRIEND GIVES IT UP, MY POCKET PEPPER MILL, MOTORCYCLES, TATOOS
TURN-OFFS: ANDREA DWORKIN'S HAIR, ORAL SEX, THE REFRIGERATOR WITH ROTTEN FOOD IN IT
FAVORITE MOVIES: ANYTHING WITH LIZ TAYLOR, "HEART LIKE A WHEEL"
IDEAL WOMAN: TALL, SMART, TALKATIVE, PRETTY
FAVORITE PLACE: AT HOME IN THE AFTERNOON
SECRET FANTASY: THE BACK SEAT OF A ROLLS ROYCE ON FUR-LINED SEATS AFTER A PICNIC


80's Porn: OOB's first centerfold, Summer 1984

BULLDAGGER: ONE YEAR LATER

HONEY LEE COTTRELL

Bulldagger Self-portrait. There is so much to say about this picture. I have thought about it in my own personal history and also in terms of art/politics/porn. I took the photograph in 1981 and then talked about it with friends for two years before I decided to let it go public. What a way to go—as the first centerfold for *On Our Backs'* premier issue.

I wanted to write some copy for the centerfold but it was hard to find the right tone. I either sounded too defensive or too confessional or very cool and theoretical. Not at all appropriate for a magazine that wants to be "sexual entertainment for lesbians."

That's why I decided to use the *Playboy* format. I borrowed this form from mainstream, gentrified porn, which establishes the intention for the "centerfold" to produce actual sexual arousal in the viewer. I wanted to encourage the audience to objectify my body, rather than to sit in judgment of the photographic form or my artistic intentions.

The kicker is in the title "Bulldagger". It is definitely the queen (king, if you like), of dirty words for lesbians, and a concept we have all been haunted by. I wanted to inspire women to have, at the very least, an opinion about my body. Ideally, it would be expressed in physical sensations happening in/through the lesbian viewer's body.

1) Is this really what a bulldagger looks like?
2) Is she sexy? Which parts are sexually attractive or unattractive?
3) Have you ever seen a bulldagger partially disrobed?

This year I turned 39. These questions have a very personal impact for me. We all know that a cute, tomboy butch at 25 or even 35 looks a little silly in the same outfit when she is 40 or 45. So what's an aging baby butch to do? It seems a natural progression to develop into a bulldagger. Right or wrong, I have it in my head that bulldaggers are old dykes and I feel like I'm getting there fast. The image has such a fearsome negative meaning I hesitate to cross over the bridge. Like aging people everywhere, bulldaggers dress funny, have transcended their sexual impulses and tend to be either very sensible or eccentric.

Bulldaggers embody my worst fears about aging within gay life. Like being permanently bitter over the losses suffered in broken relationships. And the one fear that has been my constant loyal companion, "When will I ever be a mature adult woman? A blatant gay identity has always been considered childish. It's not the position I had hoped to find myself in. So preliminary investigations are under way. Who shall I be for my 40's? Public figure role models are Walter Mitty and Louise Nevelson; privately, my father and maternal grandmother. It should take a good ten years to work it up. Just as the final touches are in place I'll be ready to move into my 50's, which might be tough but not as tough, I hear, as the 60's. These issues are somewhat hidden in the centerfold, but I think it gives a viewer a free reign to make of her whatever they damn well please.

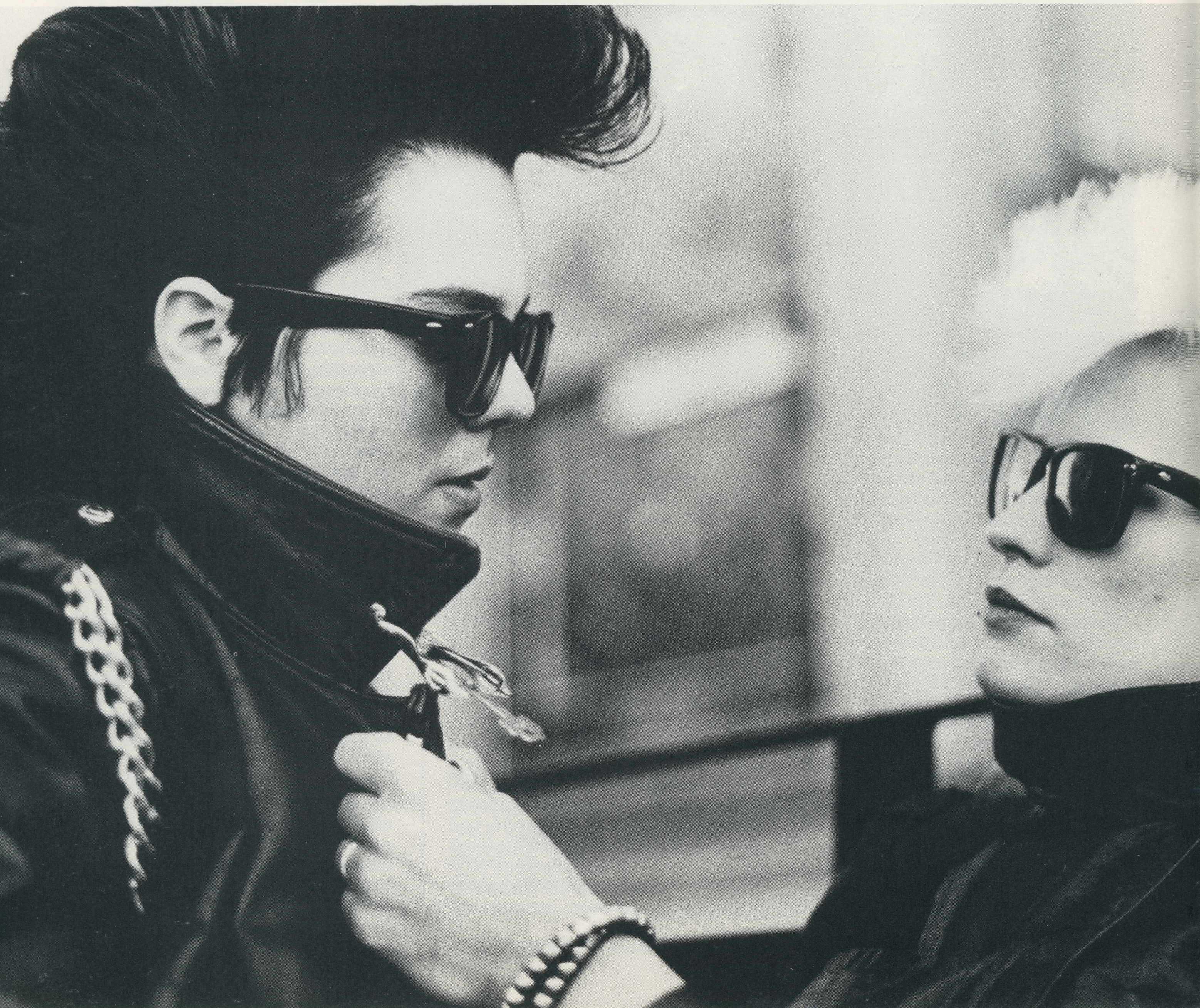
I have gotten some response to the picture both first-hand and through the magazine. Here are some of them: A number of butch women offered themselves for the next centerfold. I haven't followed up on this but it continues to tease my mind. I wonder about butches and nudity as well as aging and nudity. Would you think butches would be more or less willing, than femmes to take their clothes off publicly? My mother thinks the picture is very ugly, and asked in an exasperated voice, "Honey Lee, why do you have to take such naughty pictures all the time?" A number of women told OOB, "We want to see real women, pretty ones like in *Penthouse.*" On the other hand, a woman from Texas called me at home and asked all kinds of personal questions. She obviously was turned on by the picture and wanted to know more about me.

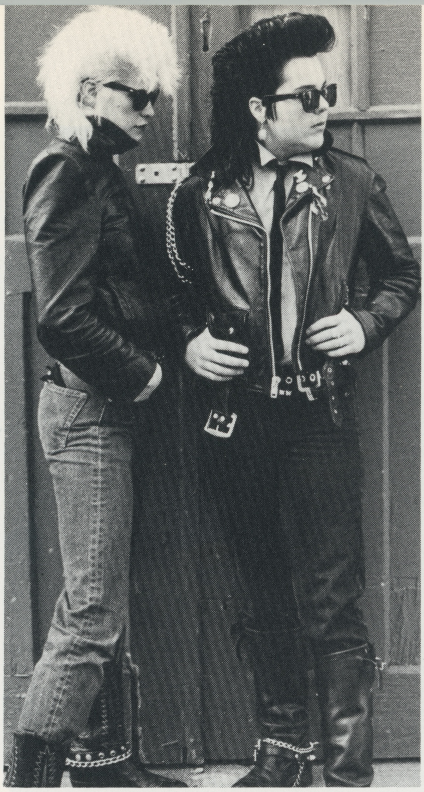
To my friends and in safe social situations, I sometimes brag about being the centerfold. People I know grin and congratulate me. Those who see the picture first and meet me later, say, "You don't look so tough in real life." Some sound

Continued on page 41

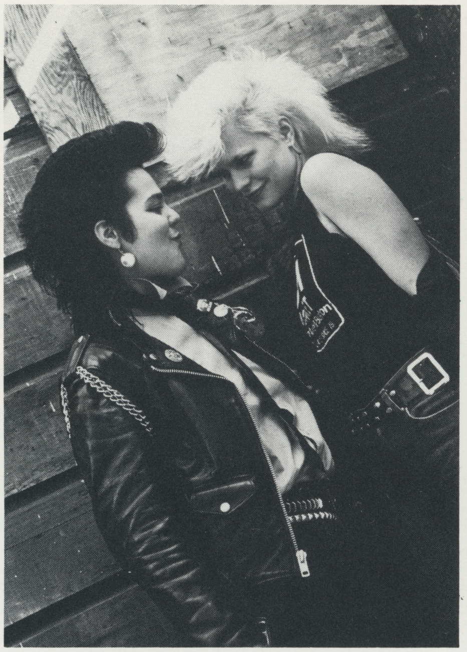
Alley Cats

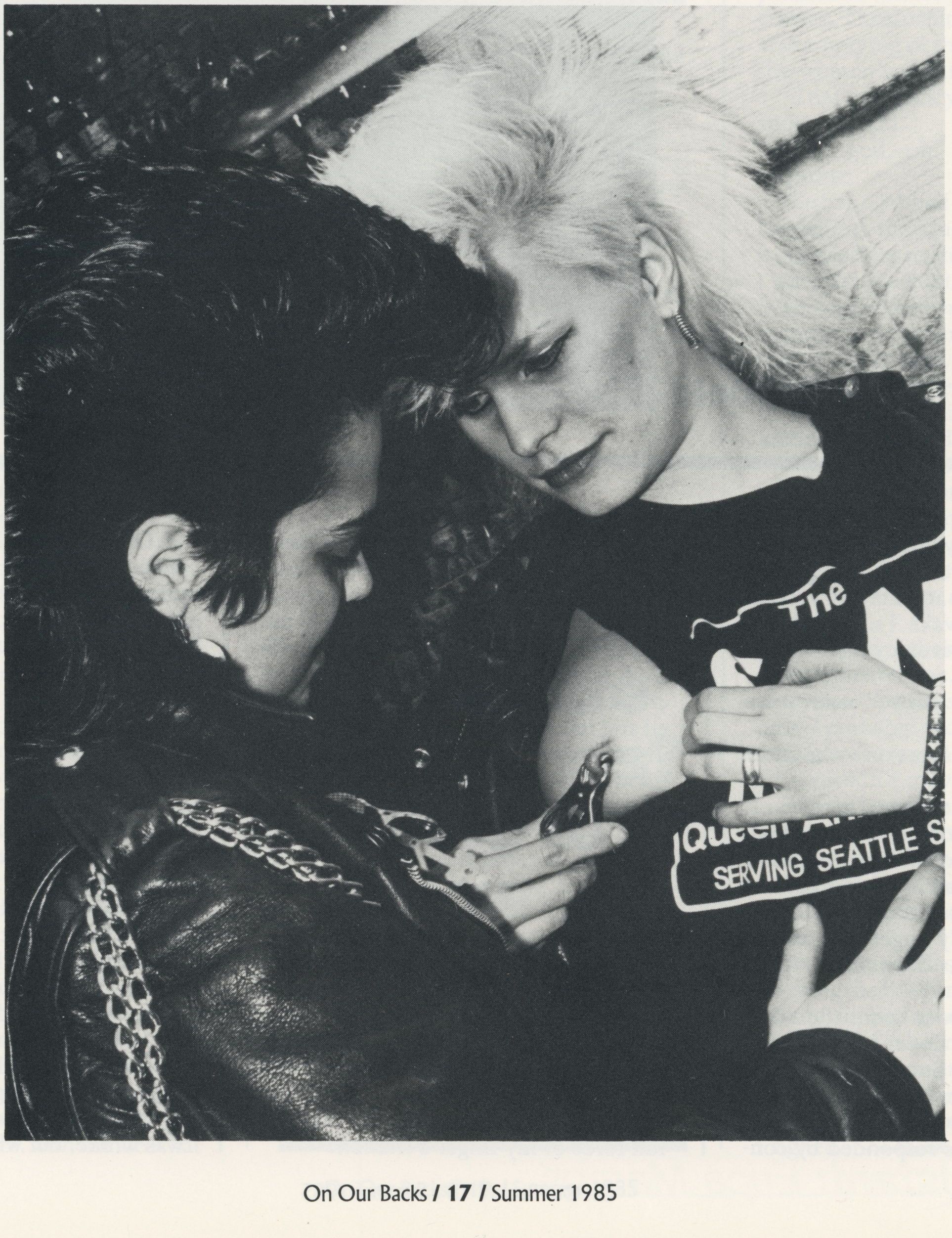
Alley Cats: Teri and Caerage
Photographer: Dawn Lewis





Caerage (blonde kitten with claws) and Teri (tomcat tuff) are an extraordinary Seattle couple who are currently shaking up the nation's bedrooms, as the stars of the new lesbian sex videos from Fatale Films. Fan Mail and Oscar nominations can be sent to *Caerage and Teri,* P.O. Box 421916, San Francisco, Ca. 94142.

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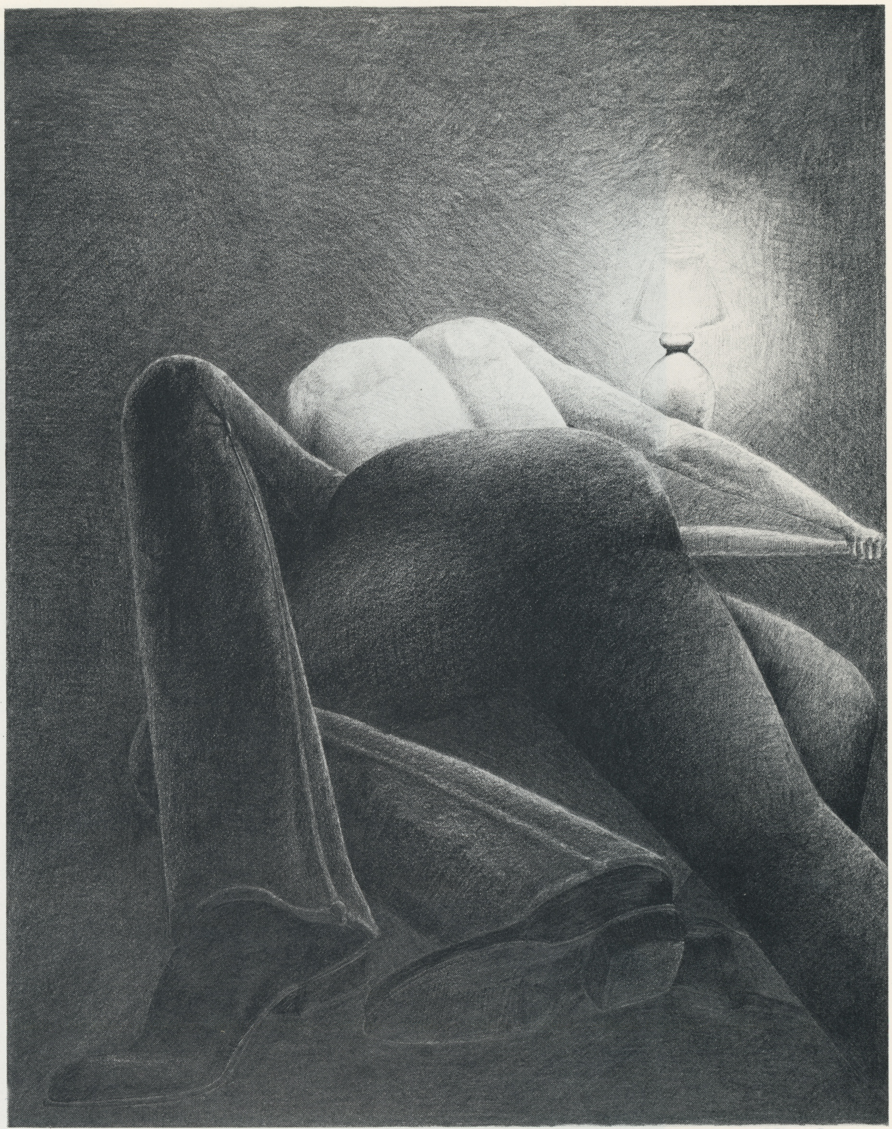
Audio-Visual

Hayfield



Kim Larson

I woke up wet. My first awareness was the sound of women fucking. Soft moans and sighs accented by a creaking bed lulled me awake. I snuggled into my soft flannel sheets enjoying the groggy arousal.

"Oh, baby, oh, baby," one voice crooned.

"Come on, yeah, come on," the other begged.

Sleepily, I lowered my hand to my cunt, pressing into the soft center with my middle finger. The warm labia were steamy but not wet. I worked my finger beyond the folds in search of the source of my gooey sensation. My finger slipped into the thick cream, drenching itself shamelessly.

A long urgent groan from the other room sent a quiver down from my ears to my clit. My juicy finger drew upward spreading my inner lips with slippery wetness. A heavy voice grunted rhythmically. My nipples responded by contracting into hard, aching clusters of flesh and nerves. I felt a rush of heat envelope me. I gave in to the urge to rock my pelvis, reaching for the stimulating touch of my circling finger. The pace of the sounds from down the hall picked up and I increased the speed of my circles. I clenched and released my ass and cunt muscles in time with my rocking hips. My free hand dashed from nipple to nipple with increasing roughness. I tugged and pinched and pulled at one nipple and then the other in rapid succession.

"Oh, yes, oh, God, oh, baby," squealed a voice from behind the door down the hall. I rocked and squeezed and rubbed in rhythm with the rising sounds. I heard something whack against the wall in a steady beat. The repetitive whacking drowned out the more subtle sounds of skin against skin. Abandoning my throbbing nipples I reached down to stretch my cuntskin open, making my clit take the full force of my finger's friction.

"Do it, baby, fuck me!," demanded the voice. I imagined it was my own. My mind took over the chant, "Fuck me fuck me fuck me fuck me..." My mouth formed the forbidden words silently. My hips rocked faster and faster. My finger rubbed across my clit rapidly from side to side in my cunt juice. My whole body shook with the vibration from my rubbing hand. "Yes, yes, yes, oh, yeah, oh, ah, aaaaaaahhhhh," I hissed to no one. I arched my back up to meet the surge of deep, tugging pulses. I held still until I stopped coming.

I rolled over and reached for the roll of t.p. on the night stand. A long slow wipe pulled up a deep white puddle of pungent cream. The sheet under me was damp with sweat. I rolled out of bed, walked into the hall and headed to the bathroom. The door at the other end of the hall was slightly ajar. I caught a glimpse of fleshy forms and leaned forward to discern what was where, but when my weight shifted the floor creaked. I withdrew in a panic and hurried to the bathroom. I couldn't be caught eavesdropping! Giving up was not an option, I needed a plan.

Using the loud flush of the toilet as a cover I made my way quickly to the bedroom door. I could see limbs and curves and dark places but everything was in motion. The strip of visibility was too narrow to give me an adequate look at my hot friends. I thought I could make out a spread cunt but the form moved out of sight too quickly to be sure. My field of vision was too limited. I had to think of a way to open the door wider without being detected.

Things were too quiet just then to make a move so I closed my eyes and took in the sounds. Wet soft noises like cuntlips and moist probing fingers teased my ears. What were they doing? I was going crazy with curiosity but terrified of being caught. I'd have to hold still until things got a little noisier before I could do anything. My own cunt was dripping and needing attention but I couldn't risk it. Not now. Besides, the thrill of being so close to someone else's intimate abandon far exceeded any excitement I could give myself just then. I listened to the bed creak in response to the movements I couldn't see. I heard the soft gasps and grunts of women doing things to each other that probably felt good and maybe hurt a little too. How I wished I could see it all. I longed to know the position of each mouth, finger, and hole.

I listened for more clues, aching for the chance to see it all with my own eyes. At last, a long series of deep grunts began increasing in volume and fervor. The headboard began to tap against the wall. "Oh yeah, oh baby, that's it, come on, come on!" I took advantage of their loudness and pushed gently at the door.

A smooth, rounded ass rode up and down a long thigh. As it raised up I saw the dark redness of an excited cunt neatly framed by a border of white cream. When it slid down I could see the soft folds ripple against the pressure of the thigh. With the door this far open I could see more than before, but still only a single, long, narrow segment of the total picture was revealed.

This one portion of visibility would have to suffice until I could find the opportunity and the courage to open the door wider still. I leaned against the wall and waited in eager silence. Even this limited view of what was supposed to be private tantalized me mercilessly. Knowing they couldn't see me meant I was watching an exclusive show, intended for no one but the participants. This was better than any staged x-rated video or film where the sexiness is always a performance. I was getting the pure raw material—the real stuff. I considered asking their permission to sit in the room where I could see more, with the idea that knowing they were being watched could add to their pleasure, but I wanted the thrill for myself. Being there without their awareness put me in a dangerous and exciting position. I knew I was violating their privacy and could never tell anyone how bad I'd been. I was alone with my secret. Just knowing that made my cheeks flush and my breath quicken.

"My hips rocked faster and faster"

I felt like I was in a state of hypnotic lust. I watched the hungry flesh rise and drop as it pushed and slid up and down. With each pump the women's grunts and moans carried me deeper into my own passion. "Do it honey, yeah, do it," heaved the breathy voice. The ass pumped relentlessly. The oozing cunt pressed and rubbed the slick thigh over and over, driving my own cunt into fiery throbs. A sucking and sloshing sound filled my burning ears. What ARE they doing? Where are their hands? I had to know—NOW!

"What ARE they doing? Where are their hands? I had to know—NOW!"

I leaned away from the opening and hid behind the door. I reached out and gave it a light tap with my shaking but determined fingers. The rush of fear that they'd see the door move paralyzed me for a moment. The rhythm of their lusty voices did not break—I was still unnoticed. I leaned forward to see what new portion of their bodies came into view.

My eyes were pulled as if by powerful magnets. At the base of that upright thigh was a hand, a hand with a rigid grasp on a rubber dildo. The cunt beneath the hand eagerly slurped at the dildo when the hand shoved it in. I watched with feverish attention while the womanly fingers pushed and pulled the thick penetrator in and out of the willing crevice. The slushing sound of the filling and emptying of the cunt rose to meeth the women's grunting voices.

"That's it, fuck yourself silly, baby," someone said.

"Oh, god, oh, oh, yes!," was the response.

The hand jabbed the dildo deeper and harder into the squishy cunt only to pull it our nearly to the tip and stuff it in again. I watched the cunt lips follow the shaft in and out with every thrust. The glistening length of rubber emerged and plunged to a steady beat, mirrored by the continuous slide of the flaming cunt up and down the sleek thigh. The voices grew louder and more desperate.

"Come on, come on, baby, I want you to come now," commanded the voice. The hot cunt humped the thigh faster. The hand clung to the dildo and fucked harder and deeper. The liquidy slurping noises were now as loud as the lusty moans.

The sound of their fucking both excited and tormented me. I could feel the heat in my face and chest. My eyes were burning, I probably hadn't blinked once. My mouth was dry and my cunt was drenched. I couldn't move.

The two women rocked and fucked furiously now. Their frenzy would peak soon and, though I wanted to watch forever, I knew I would surely be caught if I didn't leave before things quieted down.

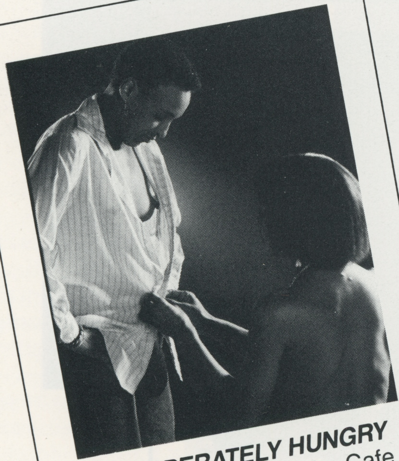
I drew in one last long, slow breath, savoring the heavy musk in the air. I turned and slipped away from the doorway silently, not exhaling until I was past the hall door. I lowered myself into the nearest chair to wait for my heart to stop pounding. "Oh, yeah, that was so good," I sighed.

DESPERATELY SE

DESPERATELY SEEKING FANTASY LOVER
Let's meet for the first time, everytime. The carousel spins tomorrow at noon: white lace and uniform.

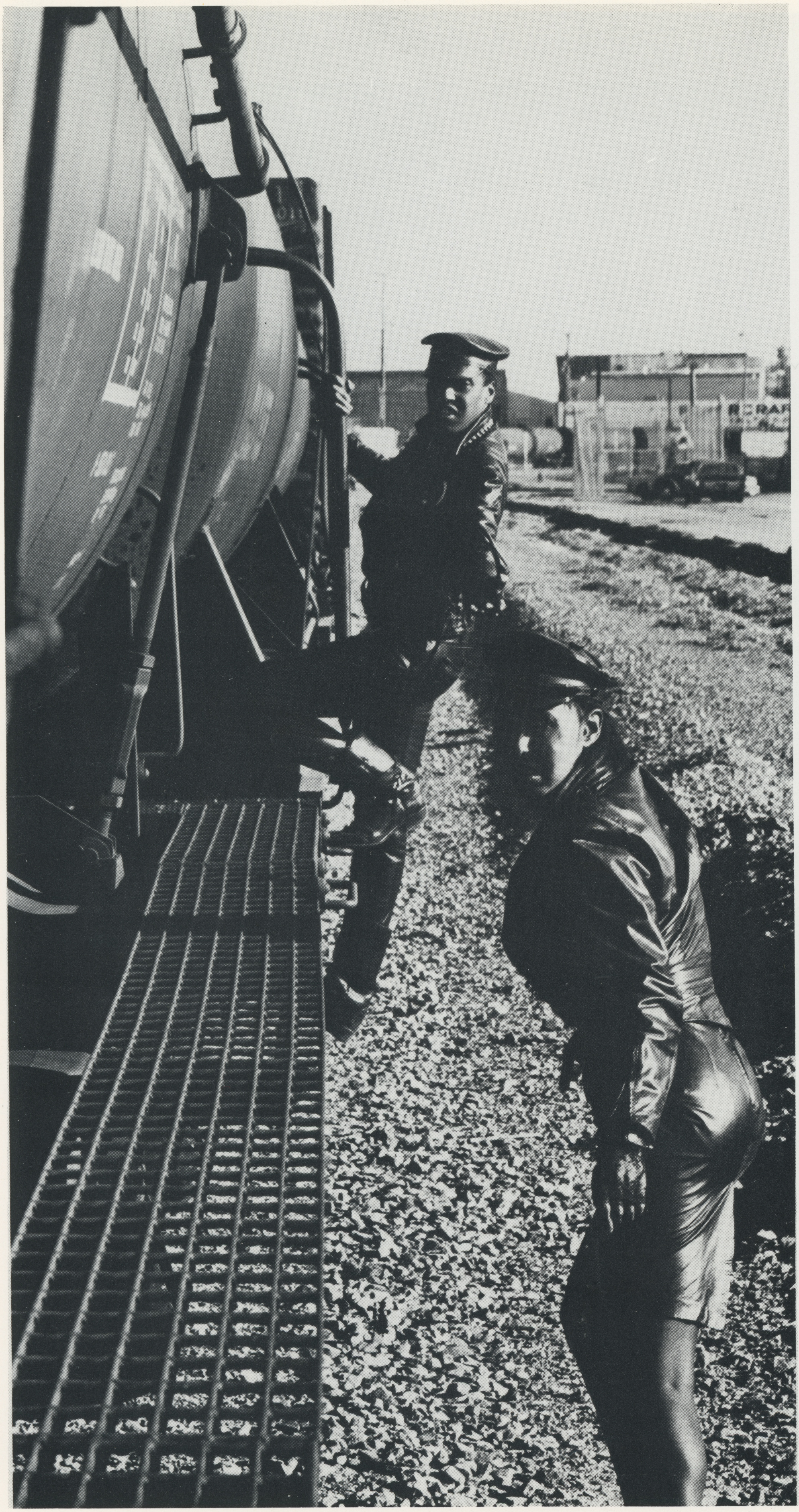
Photographer: *Honey Lee Cottrell*
Models: *Rachael and Elexis*
Assistant: *Erica Marcos*

EKING RACHAEL AND ELEXIS

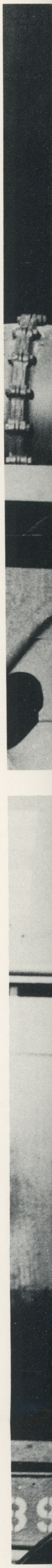


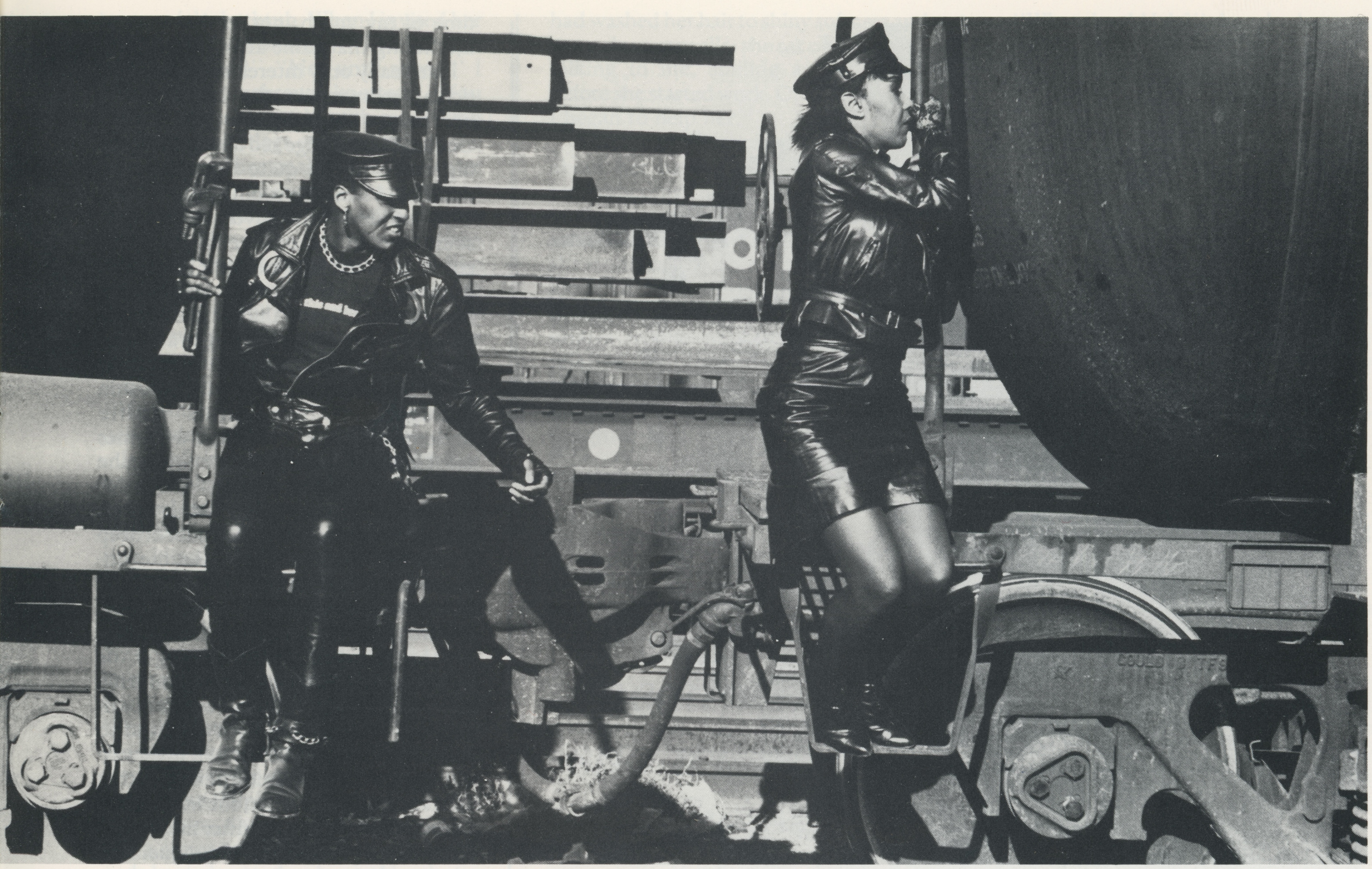
DESPERATELY HUNGRY
Wine and women at the Cafe Menage a Trois. Dinner at eight.

DEJA VU, DESPERATELY
Seeking your touch. I miss you at night. Daydreams aren't enough.



DESPERATE CABOOSE
Lady of the Eighties seeks bad butch for fast action on the tracks. Coast-bound train leaves tomorrow. Be there...





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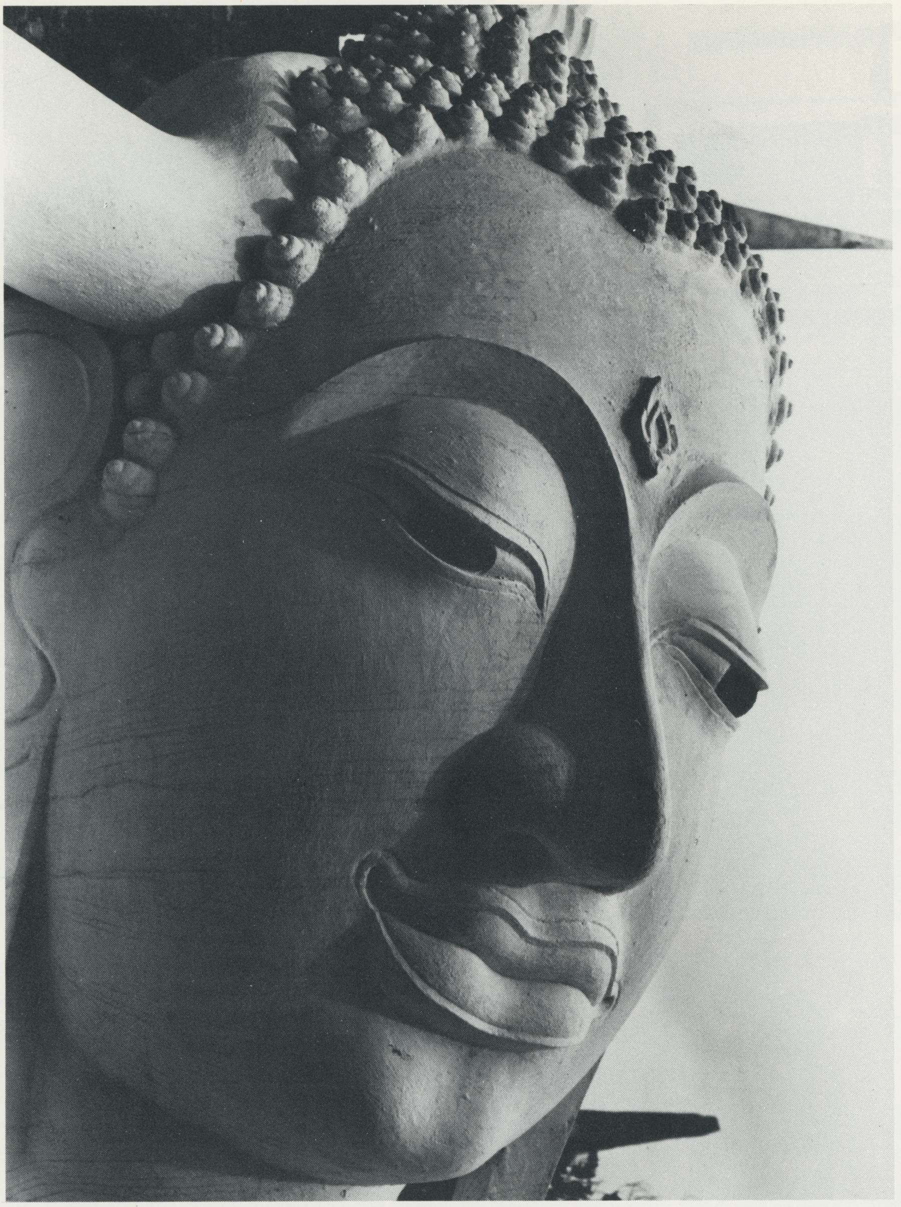


Humming

SANDY BOUCHER

How glad I am that she doesn't look like any of my three daughters. In the last years especially, in which I have pursued a meditation practice and the study of the great, elegant texts of buddhism, I have often felt that time does not exist, or that all of it exists in this very moment, or that the space of a lifetime is no bigger than a drop of dew trembling on a petal of a flower, and as evanescent. Given this perspective, what can our relative ages matter?

Still, if Jeanine were to remind me of one of my daughters, I'd be uncomfortable. After all, I do inhabit the time-limited world of conditions. One condition being my aging body. Another being the old shingle house in which Ralph and I live. Rotting at its foundation and threatening to slide down the steep lawn in back, still it sits with shabby charm in the Berkeley hills. The house speaks to some people of a gracious, leisurely decade when trees were more numerous that houses up on the hill; as my presence must awake in some people a nostalgia for the late forties or early fifties when young people were supposedly more innocent and trusting in life than they are today. I am not, myself, interested in that time of my youth, nor in the years of mothering that came after.

I am really only interested in this particular moment in the big shadowy bedroom with its view of the distant Golden Gate Bridge red above the shining water. In this quite afternoon now and then I hear the cooing of the doves who live under the eaves. A soft grey sound, from somewhere far away, it enters my mind as I look at the black curls lying flat, like a baby lamb's, wet with our sweat and a sweeter, thicker juice. Wisps of curl feather down her thighs a few inches, lie softly up against the undercurve of her belly. This bower of dark hair, thin enough that the skin is visible underneath, damp and warm, welcomes me. I lick each curl, moving to where the hair grows more thickly, the odor deepens. Odor of salty wetness that opens caves in my mind, rich odor of deep sea secrets, of sunwarmed olives, the sunshine transmuted to a thick golden liquid in which I lie suspended. Jeanine's odor.

I stroke the tender skin of the inside of her thighs, my fingers converging at the rosy lips visible under the hair, brushing lightly over them. Her voice comes, a soft ohhh of anticipation. I lift my head to look up at her, see her brown eyes watching me with that same intent look that takes over her face when she leans to my breast, takes my nipple in her mouth and examines it gently with her tongue, nurtures it with her lips. Such concentration, such passionate attention. My own cunt has begun to throb, my body going hot and seeming to swell, tightening my skin to sensitivity.

While the fingers of my right hand play in hair, moving lightly over her vulva, with my left I reach and take her small calloused hand. I kiss her fingers, linger in her palm, suck her thumb, moving my tongue around it in slow revolvings. Ahhh, she says, lifting her pelvis, offering herself. I let my breast lie against the open lips, feeling their wet warmth on my skin, my thightening nipple. Jeanine shudders, says my name, and I lower my face to brush her thigh, move carefully upward until I am kissing her outer lips. She has begun to move her pelvis in smooth, subtle circles, each coming toward me a gesture of desire, each drawing away an invitation to follow her. I do now. Slightly spreading her lips with my fingers, I place my wet mouth between them, greeting her tight bud of clitoris, slipping my tongue down to probe the opening of her vagina, moving up again to such. Jeanine makes a low crooning sound that vibrates through her body into my mouth. Slipping my arms under her lifted thighs, I reach up to cup her breasts, tease the hard pink nipples as my mouth answers hungrily each thrusting, seeking movement of her desire.

These same breasts I gently cradle half an hour later as we sit in the deep hot water of the bathtub. When I invited her into the tub she asked, "When is Ralph coming home?" "Not until seven," I think. Her eyebrows knotted. "You *think*!" But she got in with me, lifting short muscular legs over the side of the tub, lowering her small ass into the water so that she sat facing me. I have soaped her breasts, long breasts with nipples pointing down. She told me that when she loses weight her breasts hang like empty bags on her chest. I can't imagine it, they are so full now, overflowing my hands with their slippery weight. She touches mine, and murmurs into my hair, "Your breasts comfort me." "Hmmmm," I say, small sound of acknowledgment, of satisfaction.

It is only in these stolen afternoons that we are able to get together. I have been married for thirty years, to three different men. Some women find marriage restricting: I find it liberating, even marriage to a man like Ralph, who runs a metaphysical bookstore and cares more about meditating than making money. He does support me. And I like the safety of marriage, the comforting routine, the coziness. My mother, who was French, encouraged me to develop a practical attitude to life coupled with a vivd appetite for its pledasures. Jeanine cares about Ralph too: she does not want to hurt him. She carries her love for me like a secret treasure, folded and wrapped, kept close to her heart. Her desire sends flames up through her body, lighting her eyes. Sometimes those eyes catch me unaware, as when, leaning over Ralph to pour his coffee, I glance up to where she sits on the window seat, the newspaper held before her. She is not reading: her eyes are watching my movements with an attention so focused it startles me. She looks into me, and without moving an inch I feel myself falling toward her, plummeting with her down, down, deep inside to the place we visit together, the place where stillness lies, holding us.

Now in the bathtub we have leaned our heads into each other's shoulders; the steam rising from the water wets our faces. As my hands move under the water to stroke her sides, cup her buttocks, she turns her head to nuzzle my neck. I smile, remembering my first sight of her, how impossible it would have been for me then to imagine this joy that floods through me at the touch of her lips on my throat. She was a thirtyish woman in dirty blue overalls whose black hair hung limp and straight to just below the ears. She was digging with a shovel in our front yard. I liked watching her work, her arms pushing and lifting, her back bent, then straight. Then I noticed her eyes that are the color of old mahogany, the flash of interest that lit them when she looked at me. I noticed her mouth with its full, pouting lower lip. On the second day she had washed her hair to shiny softness and wore clean overalls; she sat on the porch talking to me, smiling an invitation, before she started work. On the third day I began to help her.

Jeanine and I have often giggled, since, about her having been our gardener, rememberimg *Lady Chatterly's Lover*. Actually we are far from the classic master-servant model of dimestore romances, for she is only taking a break from the media jobs that have supported her very well during the last five years. Now she luxuriates in the physical exertion, the relative simplicity of her job as a gardener's helper. If anyone comes from humble beginnings it would be I, daughter of a widowed, foreign-born mother who supported my sister and I by working as a cashier in movie theaters. Marriage was my way out of the crowded, threadbare apartment where we all slept in the same bed because there was only one; it was my ladder up out of worry and want. I climbed it gladly.

> ***"It's for individual meditation," she whispers. "When the curtain's pulled, no one will come in."***

I am feeling the flat, strong muscles of her upper back and shoulders, kneading them, smoothing them as Jeanine murmurs in appreciation, when suddenly she stiffens, sending a little tidal wave of hot water across my belly. Her head snaps back, her eyes widening.

"Was that a car in the drive!?"

I listen, hearing nothing.

Jeanine rises from the tub, her body steaming, and lunges for the window that faces on the driveway.

"Oh god, it's *Ralph*!"

The flat sound of a car door slamming rises from the driveway.

She comes back to stand next to the tub, her body arranged in odd stiff angles of panic.

"What should I *do*?" she asks, her eyes on me pleadingly.

I sit in the hot water, surrounded by steam, and the nervousness erupts from me in a low giggle.

She's convulsed for a few moments too, and then she asks again, "But what should I *do*?" spreading her hands in a helpless gesture.

"Put on your clothes," I sputter. "Quick!" For I can hear the sound of Ralph's opening the door, downstairs, his footsteps in the living room.

She's pulling on little grey socks, they look so ridiculous, then her corduroy pants, her red shirt, over her wet body.

"He's in the kitchen now," I hiss. "Go down and talk to him."

"Oh shit, my underpants!"

"I'll hide them."

She rubs the steamy mirror to clear it, looks at her red moist face, her tangled hair.

I am still giggling.

Halfway out the door, Jeanine turns to me, fixing me with a fierce look.

"I *hate* this!"

Then I see only the smooth white-painted wood of the door.

In a few minutes I hear voices in the kitchen, Ralph and Jeanine carrying on a conversation. He has probably offered her a drink of freshly osterized carrot juice; she has probably asked him about a book, something mildly exotic and hard to find like *Initiates and Initiations in Tibet* by Alexandra David-Neel. This bibliographic communication will make a safe cover for Jeanine's suspiciously flushed appearance, for when queried about esoteric volumes, Ralph loses all connection with the world about him and goes off into a mind like an ancient labyrinthine library where one title leads him to the next in contented quest for the most worm-eaten, mildew-encrusted tome ever unearthed. He cares little for the content of these books, or for their physical beings; it is the search that brings color to his cheeks.

In my steam hidaway I move my legs a bit, sloshing water up into my cunt. Whenever I see again Jeanine leaping from the tub, her legs and arms stuck out at crazy angles, I begin to laugh. I let myself go, slipping down into the still hot water, giving myself to the shudders of mirth that contort me. Downstairs the voices go on, or Ralph's voice, that is. I can imagine his rapt face, the excited lift of his chin. And Jeanine looking at him with big relieved eyes.

* * *

I do not see her again until the next Sunday. Ralph and I have come to the chanting session at the Clear Light Institute, of which he is a director. I had almost

Continued on page 36

Twilight Tales: Lesbian Pulps 1950-1960

Roberta Yusba

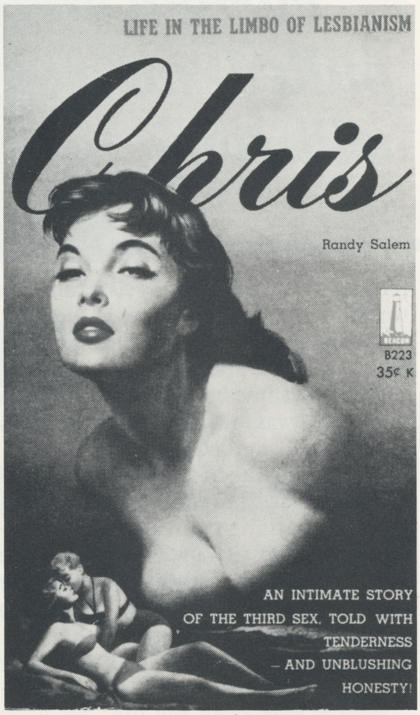
1960 **San Francisco.** The police reported a "tidal wave of cheaply printed paperbacks specializing in homosexuality, lesbianism, masochism, and wildest eroticism."

Between 1950 and the early 60's, hundreds of paperback novels about lesbians appeared in drugstores, supermarkets, bus stations, and newstands across the United States. Titles like *Twilight Girl*, *Odd Girl Out*, and *Strange Sister* could be purchased along with westerns, mysteries, and science fiction from wire racks of colorful pocket-sized books.

The vast majority of these lesbian novels were written by men, designed to fulfill straight men's sexual fantasies.

But perhaps 40 or 50 lesbian novels were written by women, and were also good enough to become underground classics. Dog-eared copies of books by Ann Bannon, Valerie Taylor, Artemis Smith, and Paula Christian were passed among friends in lesbian communities. The pulps also reached isolated, small-town lesbians who could read them and see that they were not the only lesbians in the world.

These pulps, so-called because of the cheap paper they were printed on, appeared during a great historical period of transition. At the same time that urban gay communities like New York's Greenwich Village were growing and becoming more visible, there was widespread sexual and social repression. Society's condemnation only served to increase the rising public curiousity about this new homosexual subculture. There was an apparent market among lesbians starved for gay images. Finally, a general increase in the habit of reading books, a voyeuristic male audience, and a paperback publishing boom combined to produce a new wave of lesbian novels. *Publishers Weekly* reported in 1950 that "problem books of all kinds—marital problems, juvenile delinquency, race relations—are in great demand." Lesbian novels were undoubtedly "problem books".


LIFE IN THE LIMBO OF LESBIANISM
Chris
Randy Salem
BEACON
B223
35¢ K
AN INTIMATE STORY OF THE THIRD SEX, TOLD WITH TENDERNESS – AND UNBLUSHING HONESTY!

It is ironic that these quantities of lesbian novels appeared during such a repressive time in American history. A sense of this period is crucial to understanding the importance of lesbian pulps.

During World War II, many women left small towns in the Midwest to enlist in the military, to work in the war industries, or simply to move to the big cities. Women could be financially independent. Many women came out in the same-sex atmosphere of the war years, and the military was full of gay people. The 40's was also a time when lesbian bars as we know them first appeared in New York's Greenwich Village and San Francisco's North Beach.

The end of the war brought sudden and intense repression. The image of Rosie the Riveter was being replaced in the media by an Ozzie and Harriet-type nuclear family. Women were pressured to return to a traditional home, raise families, appreciate the plentiful consumer goods, move to the suburbs on low-cost GI loans, and give their jobs back to the men.

Disent and nonconformity were widely associated with being a Communist or a homosexual.

As well as being arrested as sexual perverts by the police, homosexuals were considered sick by psychiatrists. There was public consensus that lesbianism was an emotional illness. If an emerging 1950's lesbian was searching in the library for information on homosexuality, she would find negative tracts by psychiatrists like Irving Bieber and Frank Caprio. (I myself threw Caprio's book, *Female Homosexuality*, down the incenerator in 1965 just a few days after I bought it.) Reading these books could be devastating for an isolated lesbian. Since these books made it into card catalogs and lesbian pulp novels did not, they were unfortunately easier to find. Those women who came across good lesbian pulps found welcome relief. The characters were at least real people in real situations, not clincial case histories from some psychiatrist's files. In the context of repression, many pulps were pro-sex, pro-bars, and pro-lesbian!

Lesbian pulp novels are a window, however distorted, on lesbian life in the 1950's and early 1960's. They take place in girls's schools, in colleges and sororities, in the suburbs, and on Fire Island and Greenwich Village in New York. They describe the beginning stages of being attracted to straight women, making contact with the lesbian bar community, and struggling with relationships. The coming out process is featured over and over again. There are numerous scenes of a woman entering a lesbian bar for the first time and feeling amazed at how comfortable she feels at not having to hide in public.

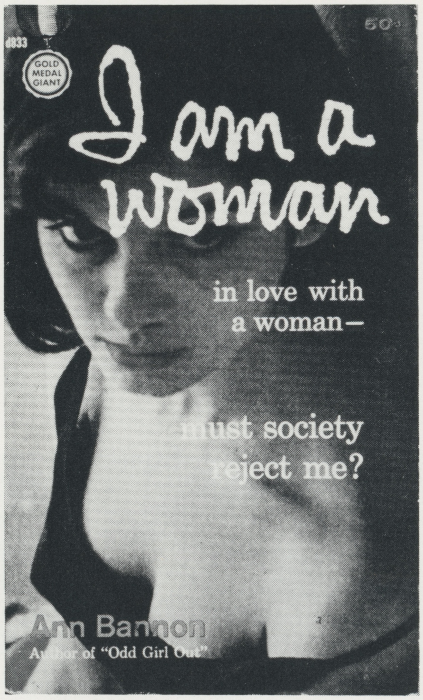
Vin Packer's *Spring Fire*, published in 1952 and one of the earliest lesbian pulps, takes place in a college sorority. Mitch, the real lesbian, falls in love with Leda, the campus queen, who also dates a man. Mitch and Leda are caught in bed together, but Leda defends herself to her sorority by claiming that Mitch attacked her. Leda gets drunk on her way to the dean's office, and has a car accident followed by a nervous breakdown. The author seems to have some sympathy with Leda, who clearly has feelings for Mitch but cannot handle the stigma of being a lesbian.

Vin Packer told me in a recent interview:

> *"In* Spring Fire, *(the editors) suggested an unhappy ending. . . . They were afraid. . . these books had to go through the mails. They were afraid that a happy ending would legitimize this abnormal condition. They suggested the hint that all would not go well for Leda."*

The pain of trying to love straight women is a common theme with varying treatments. In *Duet*, by Laura Duchamp (Midwood, 1964), Phyllis is an innocent blonde who has been brutalized at the hands of men her whole life. Naomi is the dark-haired, experienced and exciting lesbian who saves Phyllis from one of her ill-fated escapades with a man. Phyllis and Naomi are portrayed as being madly in love. yet at some point Phyllis decides she should not be a lesbian, and turns down an invitation to go to the Riviera with Naomi. Naomi goes alone, and comes back to find Phyllis very involved with a junior account executive at work. It is made clear that Phyllis does not pick this man for love, or for her lack of love for Naomi, but because she assumes that lesbian love is futile. In a tragic end common in some trashy pulps, Phyllis goes off with her man and Naomi drives her car into a tree.

Ann Bannon was and is probably the favorite author of lesbian pulps. Her stories draw on her experience in Greenwich Village in the 1950's. Her identity was a mystery and the subject of various rumors until she was tracked down by the lesbian Naiad Press in 1982, to the delight of old Bannon fans. Her 5-book series traces the adventures of Laura, Beth and Beebo Brinker, famous butch of the pulps.



"Many pulps were pro-sex, pro-bars, and pro-lesbian."

Jack Mann, a sympathetic gay man in Bannon's pulps, takes Beebo Brinker to her first lesbian bar in Greenwich Village. This is her experience:

> *". . . they were being admitted to a basement bar saturated with pink lights, paneled with mirrors, and filled with girls. More girls, more sizes, types, and ages, than Beebo had ever seen collected together in one place. . . . It excited Beebo intensely—all that femininity. . . For the first time in her life she was proud of her size, proud of her strength, even proud of her oddly boyish face. She could see interest, even admiration on the faces of many of the girls. She was not used to that kind of reaction in people, and it exhilarated her."*

Lesbian sex in the pulps is passionate and romantic but rarely explicit. There is no doubt that sexuality is central to relationships and to the health and well-being of the characters. The most intense sexual episodes are about women just coming out, or about new relationships. Take for example this scene between Laura and Beebo from *I am a Woman*:

> *"Laura felt such a wave of passion come up in her that it almost smothered her. She thought she couldn't stand it. She only clung to Beebo, half tearing her pajamas off her back, groaning wordlessly, almost sobbing. Her hands explored, caressed, felt Beebo all over, while her body responded with violent spasms, joyous, crazy, deep as her soul. She felt Beebo's tongue slip into her mouth and Beebo's firm arms squeezing her and she went half out of her mind with it. Her hands were in Beebo's hair, tickling her ears, slipping down her back, over her hips and thighs. Her body heaved against Beebo's in a lovely mad duet."*

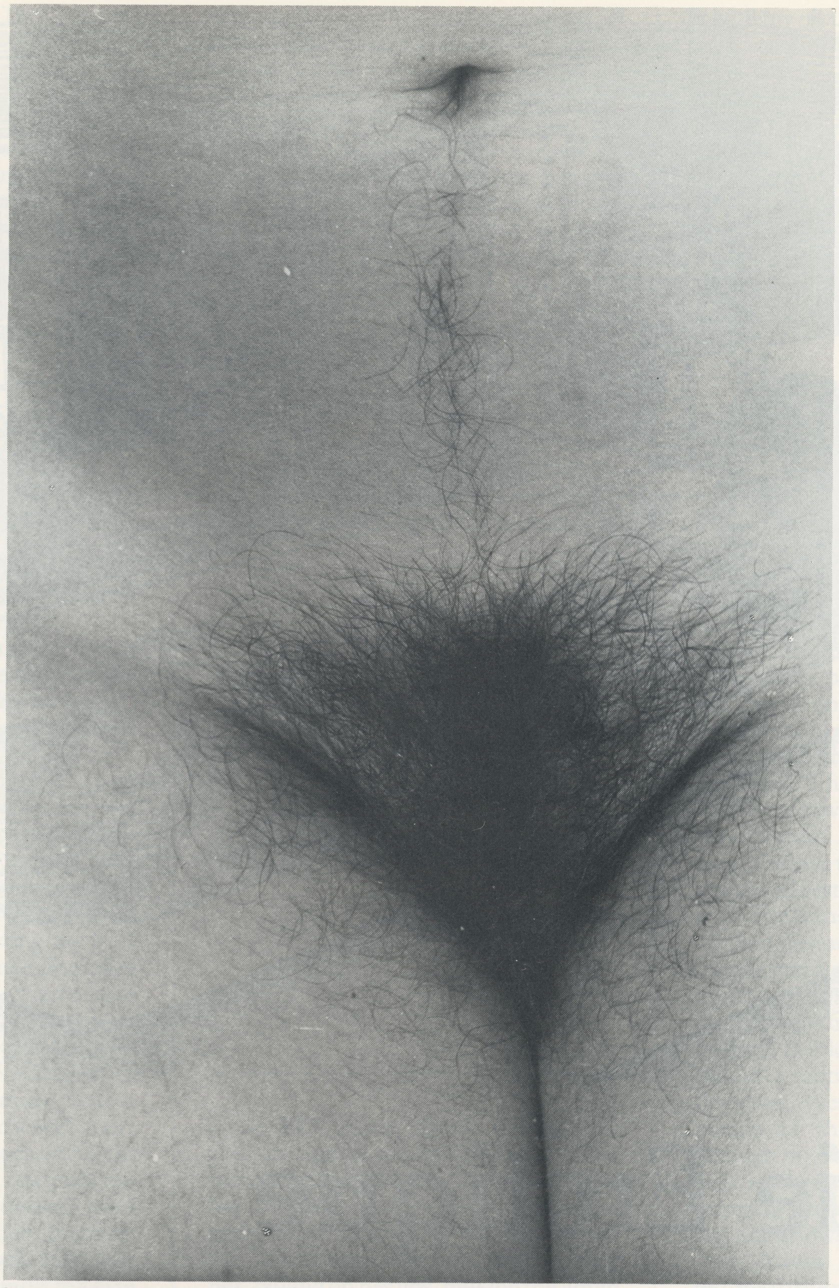
Beebo and Laura have a huge fight after this, and continue to fight often throughout the book. It is typical of lesbian pulps that the sexual relationships are wonderful, but that lesbians do not treat each other well as friends. They have absorbed the cultural dread of lesbianism, and they take out their frustrations on each other.

The first love scene between Therese

Continued on page 43

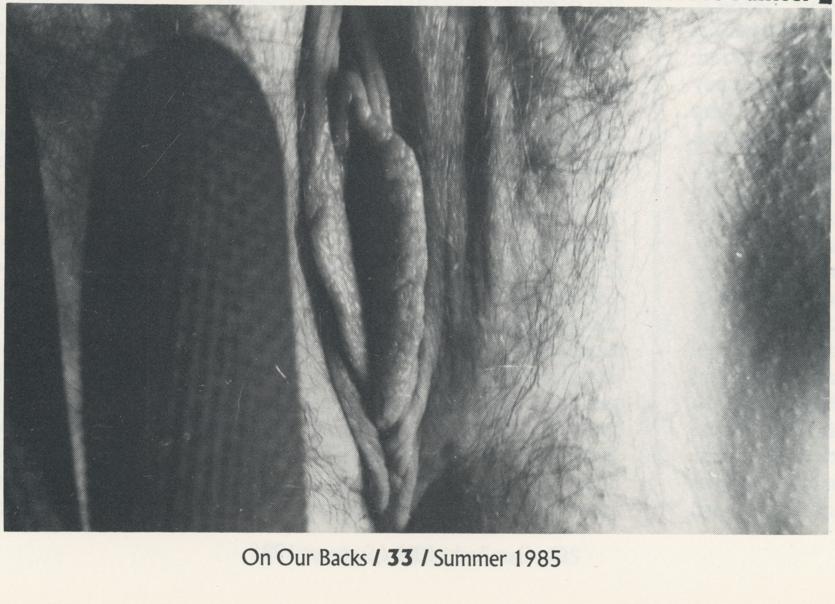
The Family Pearl

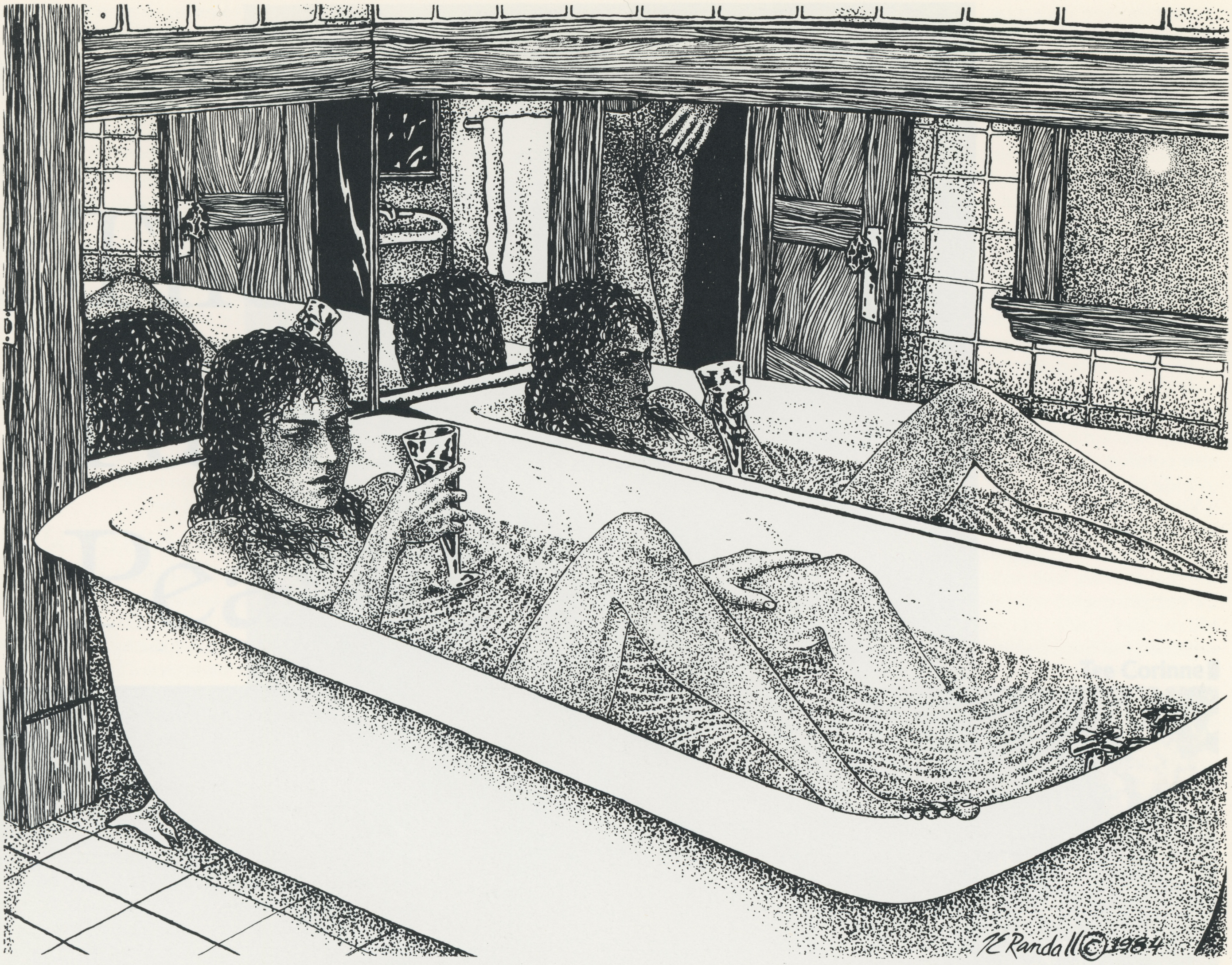
Tee Corinne



J.A. Cherry

Barbie Painter





Etudie Erotique

K.M.C. Minns

The flower vendor always leaves his cart untended at night. It waits like a good dog in the silent, empty alley; lumpen, darkened asleep at the curb. There is a little box with a sign on it tacked to the cart's handle.

"Please leave something for
what you take."

I am a thief, I have no money, nothing. Still, there is a universal currency. The flowers will only wilt by morning. They will sag, sadly wasting away. I am doing a service, then. I leave a note telling him that his flowers have gone to a good cause, a cause of the heart. In the shadows of brick and lamppost I fill my arms with blossoms and run like a madwoman, through the wet alley and out of the square.

Her window is always slightly open. There are no bars here. Any other evening I would be so furious, worried about her safety, she alone in the bungalow with an open window. Not tonight. The courtyard sleeps as I boost myself to the sill. Inside I see her coverlet rise and fall, half in, half out of the moonlight.

Her hair is a dark wave on the pillow, a soft puff of smoke. Her hands rest like tiny birds on the edge of the comforter. Her lips are full, parted, slightly open even as the window is. They echo the soft colors of the flowers in my arms. My heart beats staccato tattoo, as if it would fly from my chest and rest by that mouth, kiss those lips. Carefully I open the window, lifting my boots over the edge. The flowers cut into me, thorns biting at neck, breast, drawing blood. I like the sudden pain, like her teeth pressed to my skin.

I am a cat as I drop to the floor by the bed. No sound. This is practiced, easy. I feel the sweat breaking out on my forehead and palms. My own lips beginning to throb, swollen with wanting her like this, so unknowing, I could have my way with her, could wrest her from the bed, rip the nightgown from her, take her hard, but I don't. It is the slow ache I desire. Gently I edge toward the bed.

Carefully, as carefully as I've touched her, pulling her wet and open, this is how I pull the flowers from their stems. Like the night's earlier rain covering the walk I cover the bed with petals, a blood rain, brilliant on the coverlet. The scent of roses fills the room. They fall like tiny wings, rest against her hair, against the pillows and sheets, she is covered by a blanket of petals, and still she sleeps.

I carry the thorny stems to the window ledge. I drop back down, into the yard, my boots slapping, wet leather against wet macadam. I pull the window closed. The rain has stopped. I am shadow. I move with the night. I press the thorns into my palms as I run.

Towards morning, she dreams of roses.

II.

The rain pelts my jacket, oiling it, bleeding it darker. There is only the sound of rain against my leather. I walk to the bungalow through the rain, the single rose I'm carrying bites into one finger, sharp press, sting and blood. It vanishes, mixing with the rain.

The cottage glows with candles. Inside she knows I am coming, she waits for the creaking of my leather, waits for my gift of flowers. She knows and yet I've never said I would come.

At the door, I peer through the slits in the bamboo curtain. She can feel me there. She opens the door carefully, feigning surprise. ''I didn't expect you tonight,'' she lies, opens the door wider. Her face is drowsy, dream-soft. ''I was lying down,'' she says, letting me in. I hand her the rain-washed rose. She takes it, takes me, kisses where the thorns have stabbed and left their mark. ''You should be more careful,'' she says, and does not drop my palm.

I step back. My boots make heavy, hollow sounds on the hardwood floor. She drops the rose on the couch and picks up the ends of my silk scarf. She pulls me close. Suddenly she is pressed hard against the leather of my jacket, black armor, second skin, her dark hair falls around my shoulders. She pulls my face to her own and I can smell the soft musk of her hair, the scent of the Persian oil she wears as perfume. I feel the flannel warmth of her nightgown, innocent, pristine, pressed so suddenly against the leather of my chest. She closes her eyes and sighs as my hands moves roughly to her breasts. Her nipples grow hard under my fingers. ''Take me to bed,'' she calls, ''take me.''

The candles are burned low and squat in their terra cotta pots on the dressing table. Incense burns filling the room with murky veils. She slowly slips the nightgown over her head, making me watch, making me burn. In front of me her skin is like rosewood, colored softly by the flames. My hand moves over her, knowingly, completely, owning her. She closes her eyes and shudders as I pull her lips open. I push her down on the bed, the smell of wet leather mixing heavily with the scent of her and the incense in the room. This is my church, my sacrament. . . she is the transfiguration and I am the priestess. My scarf is wound tightly around her fingers, pulled into a fist which she does not use. She is open, on the bed, obedient. I fall onto her, hungry, the press of my denim and leather biting into her bared skin. I grind my hips against her soft belly and she does not resist.

I move over her like a dark angel, tying the scarf around those white wrists, binding her like the sacrifice she is. The scarf is perfect, the silk supple but with its own edge and bite. I secure it to the bedpost. She can move, but only as I allow. I am as liquid as she is, only I am secret, hidden, controlled. She flows, a riverchild, wet as some seathing. She is moaning my name like prayer trying to take her pleasure against me. I pin her legs, fill her mouth with my tongue, I am rough with her, I love her, and am rough and careful and this is exactly what she wants from me. I enter her slowly, my hand cupping her, pulling on her lips, milking the liquid want from her, stroking and pulling until my hand is slick and enters her fully. This is not how a man takes a woman nor how a man takes a man. This is how a woman takes a woman, smooth stones in a tidepool basin, or eating ripe apricots from the tree, like a woman knows another woman, entering that dark and watery place with my entire hand and feeling her open still wider and envelope me.

> **"Her window is always slightly open."**

Her shudders have turned to cries, take me, oh god, she moans, pulling at the tethered scarf. Our mouths stifle the cries, teeth biting at lips, drawing blood, then tender, then dangerous again. There is a sudden moment when there is no language, no sound, only the creaking leather, the hard and soft mouths, and liquid flow. I pull away, move towards her breasts, she moans, ''how perfect,'' and I move down, ease my hand out, replace it with my mouth, drinking her, filling her with tongue and lips, ''don't stop, don't stop, don't,'' I don't, sucking as hard as I dare, she bucking under me, my hands now at my own center, my fingers covered with the scent of her now covered by my own scent, moving as quickly as my lips against her, and then we are both coming, coming home, coming with the morning riding that thin edge of sky, beyond the rain.

III.

Fifty candles crowd the bathroom, dripping wax on tiles, tub, sink. The water is steamy, scented. I carry her like a child and then ease her in, watch her gasp as the water melts her down, almost scalding, but not quite, I am so careful, want her on the edge of swooning, stinging but unharmed, almost a Victorian faint. She trusts me here, leans back, her lips pulled tight against the swelling heat. I move back, pick up the roses, drop them like blood on top of the water, watch them circle her, river naiads, she the goddess I watch from the shore, perfect, surrendered. I have filled the room with candles and every plant in the house. This is our forest. Rainforest, hot and dripping. I refuse to take off the leather, the chaps and vest sticking to me like another skin. She leans over the edge of the tub, her tongue tracing circles on my vest, her tongue pressing into the soft leather, finding that rise of nipple, reaching under the vest and up, squeezing, causing me to gasp. Her long nails trace a line from nipple to nipple, and I allow her this little power, even as she reaches below the buckle of the chaps, reaches down through my hair to that wet cave, passes over leather and skin, her deadly nails bringing me to a point of absolute feeling, she knows the edge, knows when to stop, leaves me there gasping, then returns to the water, waits for me to come back to her and I do, moving over the water, a dark figure, my arm entering that scented pool swiftly, entering her, another pool, my hand slipping inside her, moving fast, as fast as she's taken me, taking back my power now, she must pay for reducing me to that state, must pay now for daring to touch me first. I take her once, she almost fainting between the heat of the water and the heat inside her, then, before she can recover, insisting, again, my fist some ancient animal, sacred, powerful, taking her again, fingers in ass, in vagina, fingers on breasts, mouth filling mouth, hard, hard, I have her pinioned, captured, she cannot call out, can barely breathe, and she comes again, hard, incoherent, the waves inside her pulling on my hand, out of control, crazed with it. I cradle her then, rock her in that watery place, the scent of roses washes over us.

Continued from page 29

decided to stay home because I was suffering the weakness and heat that accompany my periods now. I've heard other women describe hot flashes, but this is different, not a flash, but a constant deep radiating heat that leaves me sweaty and lethargic. I'd been in bed all afternoon, reading, when Ralph came to ask me if I wanted to go with him. On reflection, I decided the chanting and meditating might be just the thing to cool my raging blood.

"If women had written the Buddhist canon," I told Ralph as we drove across Berkeley, "there would be special meditations for menopause."

Ralph pondered this, and then began to tell me about the *Therigatha*, a volume of poems written by the first buddhist nuns. "They were contemporaries of the Buddha. They wrote in Pali, the ancient language. It's quite a volume. . . stories of monastic life, songs of their moments of enlightenment. . ." He went on for the next ten minutes, telling me of the various translations, the whereabouts of the original and how it was found. This recital was so thoughtfully given, with such erudition and sensitivity, that I was filled with my fondness for Ralph, and reached to rub him gently on his arm.

Now we sit in the meditation room of the Clear Light Institute, which is hung with sumptuous Tibetan paintings on silk scrolls: blue-faced demons dance before spread fans of orange flames, green-skinned goddesses wave multiple arms. The panels of the walls are painted deep red and that clear flat blue that the Tibetans love. Gold leaf climbs the pillars. Perhaps thirty people sit on pillows, eyes closed, mouths open to sing the sacred syllables, these sounds which vibrate in the belly, in the throat, connecting one up to the great sound that is always echoing in the universe. Sometimes I really do feel that merging of sound, when the chant sings me instead of I it, but tonight I'm restless, impatient with the slow droning, enduring my heat and dizziness. Maybe it was a mistake to come. I consider sneaking upstairs to sit in the lobby or on the porch.

Then Jeanine arrives. I *feel* her enter. It's a sensation like a cool hand slid up my back, a signal to wake up. Opening my eyes I see that she has just slipped through the door, her embarrassment at being so late obvious in the stiff way she holds her sholders. She wears a purple, loose top and jeans; her small feet are bare. One slim gold chain encircles her sunbronzed ankle.

Does she know I'm here? My heart pounds. It takes all my strength not to call to her, not to lift my hands. Then I realize she has settled herself on a pillow to my right, facing me. Her attention falls over me like a cloak, enfolding, nurturing me. I think I'll faint with excitement, knowing she has taken that seat in order to watch me.

The chant stops now, the last long syllable drawn out into the room by a few deep male voices, loud under the steady higher voices of the other men and the women. And then there is silence, a silence in which the chanting still exists, in which it has built a many-layered sensitivity. I can feel my body still vibrating as I settle myself for the half-hour silent meditation that always follows the chanting.

To ease the stiffness in my crossed legs, I shift position slightly, and then I place my right hand on my knee. A simple action, and simple to describe, but the significance of it is staggering. As I begin to move my hand toward my knee, I become aware that all her attention is focused upon it. There are an excruciating few moments of held breath as my arm moves, bringing my palm-down hand closer to the round promontory of my knee. Jeanine's watching with every cell of her body hangs upon me as if I lift her with my arm and move her through space. My arm is heavy, weighted with its mission, as it traverses the distance and pauses, my hand hovering just an inch above my knee. Then with a sound not uttered, like the fluttering ahhh of surrender, I let my fingers sink to touch the cloth of my skirt, my palm settles gently over the curve of my kneecap. It is as if the air has thickened to solidity. There is nothing in the room now but that hand resting upon that knee. It is enormous, utterly deserving of the passion Jeanine offers it. It is magically alight, pearly with the glow of its mysterious presence. The gilded pillars, the faces of demons and people fall back before its mystic powers.

I open my eyes slightly, to see from the corners the figure of Jeanine clenched forward, her mouth slack in dazzlement. I feel how tenderly my hand lies upon my knee, like a cloud of morning mist upon the top of a hill, poised there without weight, holding us both in a condition of grace.

After the chanting, we meet in the lobby. Ralph has gone off for a meeting with the directors, having touched me on the elbow and assured me he will not be long. This gentle patting of one another's arms seems to have developed into a rite between us, a comfortable way to express the affection and shared inertia that binds us to each other. Jeanine is studiously not looking at me from the other side of the room, where she talks with one of the young male meditation teachers. So it is my turn to watch her. I like how she responds, even to this young man who is being a little too proprietary with the insistent tilt of his body toward her, his gaze intent upon her mouth. Jeanine hums with a steady enthusiasm when she is with people. He may imagine that her looking full into his eyes is designed to encourage his attentions, but it is only how she looks into everyone she meets. Her hair is sleek and glistening tonight, in that little Dutch boy haircut that I find humorous sometimes. The purple of her skirt sets off the brown of her tanned throat.

Just then her eyes meet mine, and I find myself grinning in sheer pleasure. Jeanine excuses herself from the young man: she is suddenly before me.

Still smiling, I want to give her myself, my difficult day, my weakness.

As she reaches to hug me, I feel how sticky my skin is, how my body trembles inside.

"I'm sorry. I've been sweating so much. I must smell bad."

Holding me, she has lowered her head to my shoulder, her cheek against the thin damp cotton of my dress.

"I *love* how you smell."

The words come to me as if from her arms, her collarbones, her thighs; and something is pushed aside in me.

"Ah, why are you crying?"

Jeanine cups my cheek, wipes the tears with her thumb.

"Come with me now," she whispers. "I want to hold you."

I hesitate, glancing around at the people in the lobby, who are chatting quietly in small groups, seemingly oblivious of me.

"I know just the place," Jeanine mutters as she leads me to the stairway to the basement.

We descend narrow winding steps and come into a corridor into which several doors open. At the end of the hall Jeanine pushes open a heavy curtain to lead me into a tiny dark room like a cave, lit only by small candles on an altar. Jeanine pulls the curtain tight at the door and fastens it, then turns to touch my wrist with cool reassuring fingers. "It's for individual meditaiton," she whispers. "When the curtain's pulled, no one will come in." I look around, my eyes slowly adjusting to the dimness. The room is perhaps ten feet by ten feet square, with one mediation pillow placed near the door, the altar opposite. Rugs and tapestries cover its walls, muffling the sound of the prayer wheel that turns in the corner. The wheel is a tall wide cylinder wrapped in green paper, with a flounce of vibrant red. It hums in its turning, a sound steadily insistent in the room, spinning its assembled prayers out into the universe.

Jeanine folds me into its throbbing as she takes me in her arms. She holds me gently for a time, her chest rising as she breathes deeply.

This room is as dark, as enclosed, as a womb. Jeanine begins to sing with the prayer wheel, the tone like the pulsing of blood in our veins. She rocks me, com-

Continued on page 41

The Clit Spot

Suzanne Gage

Suzanne Gage is the co-author of the books A New View of a Woman's Body, and How to Stay Out of the Gynecologist's Office, as well as illustrating Woman-Centered Pregnancy and Birth. She currently provides holistic health care for women and sexuality/relationship workshops for lesbians in Los Angeles.

A lot of women are confused by the term G-Spot. The fact is, the clitoris is a MUCH larger organ than previously believed. The Glans of the clitoris, the tiny pea-shaped portion of the clit, which most women are familiar with, is only the tip of the iceberg! The complete clitoris consists of a glans, shaft, two legs, two bulbs, a urethral sponge, a perineal sponge, and a specialized set of blood vessels and nerves that all work together as a unit: a complete organ in and of itself. What makes the tissues of the clitoris unique, as compared to the other parts of the genital area, is that they contain tiny caverns (called corpuscavernosum and corpuspongyosum) that fill up and swell with blood during sexual excitement, making the clitoris become engorged and distended, i.e., *erect*. During orgasm, there are rhythmic contractions in the muscles of the clitoris, and the blood from the caverns is expelled into the body.

In 1976 the Federation of Feminist Women's Health Centers conducted a six month study of the structure and function of the clitoris. Through painstaking research they were able to piece together a true composite of the organ which they later published in the book *A New View of a Woman's Body*. This feminist redefinition of the clitoris has been heralded by sex researchers world-wide.

The clitoral glans and shaft have often been mistakenly referred to as a miniature penis. Both male and female fetuses start out with the same mass of cells that ultimately form the genitals. During fetal development, the genital tissue rearranges itself to create the various parts of the clitoris or penis. Actually, there is more to the penis than the glans and the shaft. It also contains two legs, one bulb, (rather than two, like the clitoris), plus blood vessels and nerves that make the complete organ. No one would mistakenly call the glans of the penis the whole penis. Likewise, it is equally ridiculous to call the glans of the clitoris the entire clitoris, as if there were no other clitoral parts.

For many women, stimulation of the glans and the shaft are the keys to creating sexual pleasure. The glans contains a dense concentration of nerve endings, making it very sensitive to the touch. Many women also derive a great deal of pleasure from stimulation of the other parts of the clitoris: the bulbs, legs, urethral sponge, and perineal sponge, both externally and internally through the vaginal walls.

One woman comments, "I always knew that somehow there was more to the clitoris than the glans. When I get really turned on my bulbs get so swollen that they actually hurt. Often when I masturbate I push a pillow up against the bulbs. It feels great. Sometimes I come without even touching the glans."

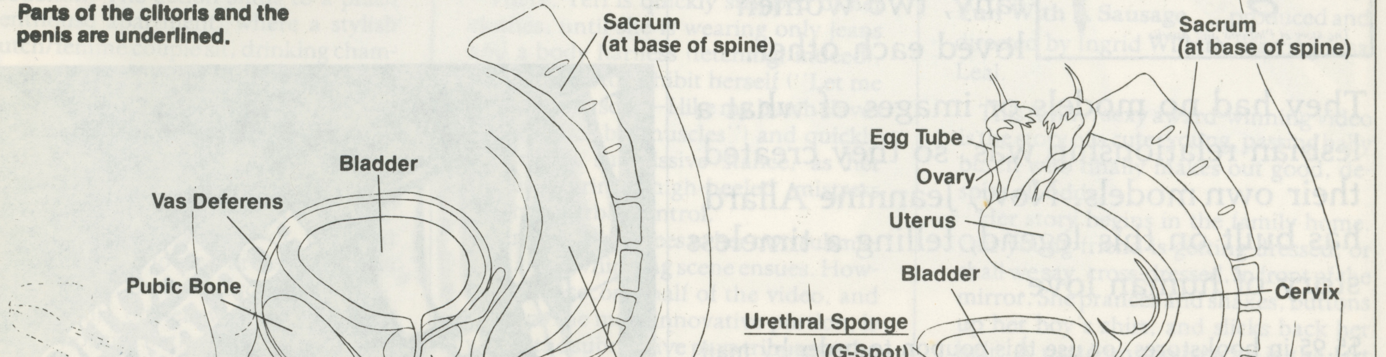
Another woman says, "When my lover is finger-fucking me I sometimes want her to stick one of her fingers up my ass. I can feel the pressure (on the perineal sponge) like a tautness, like a tugging that makes a tingling sensation run through my whole body, but in particular in my pelvis and thighs. It's a real turn-on for me, especially if I'm on my stomach."

The vaginal walls are thin and relatively devoid of nerve endings, making it easy to stimulate adjacent clitoral structures. Some women do not find it necessary to stimulate the glans to have sexual pleasure or orgasms because they prefer stimulation of the other clitoral structures. Other women like stimulation of the glans in conjunction with other parts of the clitoris.

So where does the G-spot come in? Many women report that stimulation of the urethral sponge of the clitoris is extremely arousing.

A client reports, "I just love it when my

Continued on page 38



Sideview Section of the Clitoris and the Penis

Parts of the clitoris and the penis are underlined.

Note: Dotted Lines indicate erection of the clitoris and penis.

Continued from page 37

girlfriend rubs her fingers in my vagina against the urethral sponge. Especially when she's thrusting her fingers deep towards my bladder and cervix. I can feel the hot wet pulsing sensations in my whole pelvis. It sometimes makes me feel like I have to pee which has always been an erotic sensation for me.''

The structure this woman is referring to is made up of a dense network of blood vessels surrounding the underside of the urethra beneath the pubic bone, adjacent to the top wall of the vagina. When it becomes engorged with blood during sexual excitement, some women find it difficult to urinate (possibly because this congestion may compress the urethra). The FWHC research team created the name ''urethral sponge'' because there was no term for this structure, nor for the perineal sponge. The G-Spot, a buzz word invented by sex researchers Beverly Whipple and John Perry, was named after a researcher named Dr. Grafenberg. In the early 50's, Grafenberg reported that many women derived a great deal of pleasure from stimulation in the area of the urethra. The term G-Spot was coined in the hopes that it would better enable women to locate yet another focal point for sexual stimulation. Unfortunately, without presenting an understanding of the underlying clitoral structures, which are *all* receptive to erotic stimulation, the G-Spot for some women simply added to the confusion. Far from being a mysterious spot somewhere on the anterior wall of the vagina, the urethral sponge of the clitoris is the actual structure to which Dr. Grafenberg was alluding.

One of the truths of the early feminist consciousness-raising groups was that vaginal orgasm is a myth. For ages the male-dominated medical and psychological professions, typified by Sigmund Freud, have placed womens' orgasms in the vagina because it is through penis-in-vagina sex that most heterosexual men have their orgasm.

In fact, many, if not most women find it difficult to reach orgasm by this method. The emphasis that sex researchers Masters and Johnson placed on the glans of the clitoris has now completed this picture. Understanding that orgasm occurs in the clitoris, and that many of its structures lie directly adjacent to the vaginal walls, explains why it is that many women identify pleasurable orgasmic sensations as originating in the vagina. This understanding renders the clitoral vs. vaginal orgasm argument moot.

Many women prefer to have nothing in their vagina when they have sex, and many others like the stimulation of the clitoris through the vaginal walls. Our new definition of the clitoris helps to explain and validate all women's sexual experiences.

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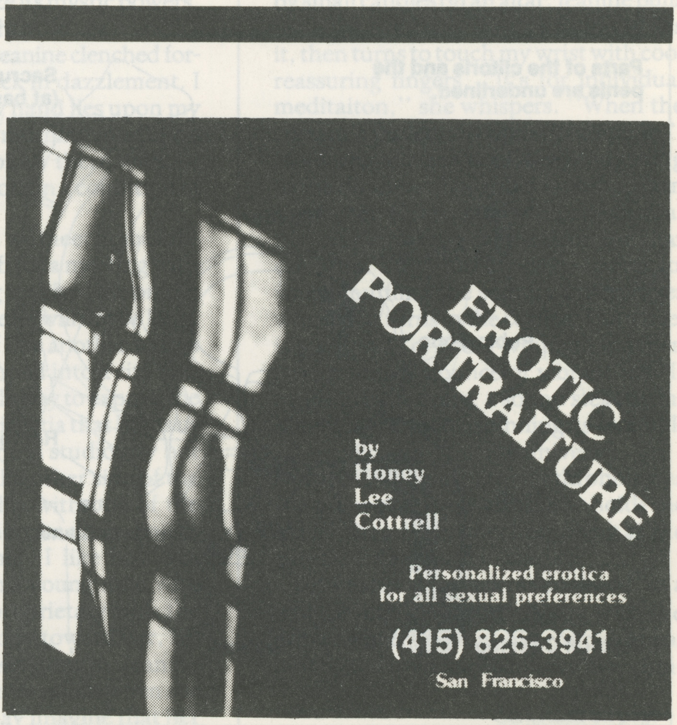
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VIDEO REVIEWS

"Smokers"
Fatale Films
3 thirty-minute videotapes

by Simone A.

Have you ever walked by your community's newest video store and stared wistfully inside, wishing somewhere between the rows of "The Empire Strikes Back" and "Debbie Does Dallas", that there was at least a corner shelf marked "All Female Videos"? Do not despair! Some very kind women have rushed in where angels fear to tread. There are now lesbian sex videos produced, directed, acted, and filmed by lesbians, for lesbians; and they are available for the privacy of your own home. What's more, they're wonderful!

Three of these videos, "Smokers", are distributed by the San Francisco-based Fatale Films. I recently attended a private screening of Fatale's videos, which instigated the following report:

Private Pleasures directed by Wow, starring Mariko, Caerage, and Teri.

Mariko, a pretty Asian woman, enters her apartment, tired after a long day at the office. She throws down her bundles, takes off her coat, and—naturally—turns on her VCR. As she snuggles up in her bed with fur sheets, the action of this classy, sexy video begins.

We soon learn that this tired working girl is not exactly watching "Bambi" on her TV. The camera focuses on the video within the video, and we along with Mariko are taken into a world of lesbian seduction. The action shifts to a plush penthouse apartment, where a stylish butch/femme couple sit, drinking champagne, toasting each other, and generally acting rowdy. Soon the scene gets more intimate—the dark-haired, tuxedo-clad Teri is leaning over, exchanging lingering tongue kisses with her blond, spike-heeled, dressed-to-kill girlfriend, Caerage. Teri licks dabs of whipped cream off of her lover's breasts. Clothes are loosened; then discarded.

Meanwhile, our fellow voyeur is getting equally hot and bothered. Mariko is now nude, and while she watches the screen, the camera switches between her masturbation and the dynamic duo, who are now quite intimately involved. The most exciting part comes when we see Teri's fist slide into Caerage's cunt, causing her to exhibit one of the most beautiful grimaces of pleasure/pain ever rendered on the screen. Obviously, Mariko thought so too, for at this point her ass cheeks pumped and pumped as both she and Caerage came with a big bang.

Lights. Camera. Sex! On the set with Fatale Films.

Dale Baron

Shadows directed by, and starring Caerage and Teri.

Shadows begins spectacularly with a leather-clad femme top and butch bottom riding a motorcycle through the streets of San Francisco. When they reach their destination, Caerage leads her dark butch slave by a chain into the house-turned-dungeon, where the action of the video takes place.

There, Teri is quickly stripped of her clothes, until she is wearing only jeans and a body harness (fetching, indeed). She is made to exhibit herself ("Let me see those muscles—I like my butch slaves to have nice big muscles") and quickly assumes a submissive stance, as her corset-wearing, high-heeled mistress assumes verbal control.

Teri formally agrees to her own submission and a whipping scene ensues. However, the second half of the video, and perhaps the most innovative portion, is where the submissive pays tribute to the dominant by fucking her.

What follows are the most graphic scenes I've ever seen of two women engaging in various forms of penetration. Strap-on dildos, fingers, fists—all are involved—and how! The sling sequence has to be seen to be believed. And what an ending...

The great virtue of "Shadows" is its spontaneity and genuineness. From the moment we enter the dungeon with the two stars, we share their spirit of adventure. Caerage, who in "Penthouse/Dreams" was the more passive partner, seems positively joyous in her new role as the female dominant. Teri is devinely appealing as an oh-so-nervous butch about to be shown the ropes. That servile, yet determined look on her face when she's fucking her girlfriend is simply to die for (sigh). Together they make an entrancing couple.

Fun With A Sausage produced and directed by Ingrid Wilhite, starring Lisa Leal.

This funny, sexy award-winning video is the story of a cute, young, passing baby butch who finally makes out good, despite all odds.

Her story begins in the family home. Our young friend is getting dressed, or shall we say, cross-dressed, in front of the mirror. She prances and shakes, buttons up her boy's shirt, and slicks back her hair. A paste-on moustache is the last graceful touch.

Only problem is, when she goes to the family refrigerator, opens the door, selects a plump sausage which she stuffs into her levis, her mother looks aghast and collapses into her breakfast cereal. C'est la vie. Our heroine, knowing she is too much of a good thing to waste indoors, goes out to cruise.

The rest of the story is concerned with her misadventures, which include being

Continued on page 40

Continued from page 39

mistaken for a gay man, losing her sausage, (don't worry, she gets it back), and finally, attending a ''Lithuanian Left-Handed Lesbians Meeting'', where she assumes she will be welcomed. Boy, was she ever wrong! The girls in this commune can barely stop arguing over Coming To Power long enough to literally toss our stud out on her ass. Luckily, others are similarly ostracized, and in the end, our befuddled star meets with a harness-bearing Holly Near admirer, and they go happily off into the sunset.

''Sausage'' is an erotic story with considerable humor, and a must for any politically incorrect household.

L'Ingenue, produced, directed, and starring Ingrid Wilhite.

On the same tape as ''Fun With A Sausage,'' ''L'Ingenue'' is concerned with many of the same themes, but not at all repetitive.

In this story, a gay man is shocked to find that his lesbian roommate has never actually had sex with a woman. He convinces her that perhaps she is missing something, and she goes off in search of that almost unobtainable commodity in the lesbian community: C-A-S-U-A-L S-E-X.

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Cris Cassidy and Kit Marseilles can't get enough of each other.

''Erotic in Nature''
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''I had a fantasy for fifteen years of making an erotic cowgirl movie, but when it came right down to it, we stuck with simplicity and came up with ''Erotic in Nature''. So says Cristen Lee Rothermund, one of the founders of Tigress Videos, who have just released their first erotic lesbian 40-minute videotape.

''Erotic in Nature'' is a romantic and explicit look at two women in love amid the idyllic California wilderness. The setting and the lovers themselves are excruciatingly beautiful.

Cris Cassidy, Cristen's partner and the femme fatale star of ''Erotic in Nature''. is a former popular actress of the X-Rated screen. ''I wanted to do it better'', she says, ''and I wanted a woman's point of view. The emotional element is what we went after: the tenderness, foreplay, and a caring erotic quality.''

''Erotic in Nature'' opens with a lean and lanky Kit Marseilles chopping wood while Cris plays with herself in an outside sunken tub; first with her water hose, and then with a red icicle-shaped ''toy''. The scene then switches to the riverbanks where the couple begin their wallowing in the wildflowers. Oral sex, finger-fucking, breast-play and all over body-caressing dominate the action.

Cris is the lusty and aggressive blonde who makes love to Kit first and then calls the shots when Kit turns to her. Cris Cassidy is the Tigress. Her character, voluptuously introduced in a red suede fuck-me dress, dominates the video from beginning to end.

Cris and Cristen Lee are both former P.E. majors from Southern California who became business women cum artistic entrepreneurs in their thirties. They plan more erotic films for the future (three scripts are already in the works), and if they find an appreciative women's audience, we can expect to see that sexy cowgirl round-up raising some long-awaited lusty lesbian dust!

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Continued from page 13

like they're dissappointed.

It's true I don't look so tough in real life. The centerfold format is misleading here because *Playboy* presents their women as the girl-next-door, this is who she is and how she lives. I don't think I could survive 24 hours a day as a Bulldagger, especially a tough bulldagger. Nor do I think my lover or my employer, (especially in this Yuppie era) would encourage a real-time acting out of this image. Maybe that makes me a fake bulldagger, because if I really believed in it I would pay the price no matter what the cost. I have been told this by older butches who thought very little of my self-identity as a butch.

50's Porn: Where are you now?

In terms of contemporary porn standards this photo is very mild. It reminds me of the porn of the late 50's/early 60's when pubic hair was not allowed to be visible and frontal nudity was risqué. It's also black and white with snap-shot type lighting, which dates it but also gives it a sleazy quality. The thing that makes it gay instead of straight porn is that it works to eroticize lesbian issues, like loving masculine women and also looking very queer. Sometimes I wonder, if a straight man turns on to this picture, does that make him queer? Why shouldn't it be him who is feeling his queerness when a bulldagger unbuttons her shirt for him?

* * *

Continued from page 36

forting my body, smoothing by burning skin. Her smell merges now with the odor of incense that permeates the room. Slowly she moves her head back to seek my lips, and I taste her, smooth moistness, mint, a slight reminder of the tea she drank after the chanting. Her lips move now, seeking me, her tongue asking questions of my mouth, and my answer is a quickness of breathing that shakes my chest. She teases, probes, tantalizes my own tongue to follow her movements; and I feel a tingling in my clitoris. Abruptly I want her closer and closer to me. I want to enfold her completely, draw her inside me.

The prayer wheel sings of sunshine, bright mountain air, a many-windowed monastery clinging to a cliff, as Jeanine invites me to lie down on the layered rugs. "Here?!" I whisper. "How *can we*?" Her brown eyes smile at me, brilliant with desire. "No one will come."

I glance around, uncertain. The buddha sits with closed eyes on the altar, minding his own business. The silks spread under him are the color of the soft inner tissues of the body; they glow richly red and rose in the candlelight. One large scroll painting hangs on the wall. It depicts a female deity dancing. She is nude except for a rope of jewels that snakes down between her breasts and laces across her thighs. Her body is silvery, her face golden. Her eyebrows sweep up like birds above wrathful eyes. Her headdress depicts a pig carved of gold and encrusted with jewels.

But Jeanine is touching me, coaxing me, drawing me down until I look up to see that the dark ceiling is covered with paintings so old their colors have mellowed to muddiness. Now we lie breast to

Continued on page 42

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bee so unwelcome all day intensifies. "Yes," Jeanine murmers against my throat. "Oh yes, love..." Her hands have lifted my loose dress to move beneath the cloth, cupping my breasts, her thumbs fluttering against my hardening nipples. She kisses me, her tongue moving deep in my mouth, and I feel myself opening to her, giving into the heat of my body until a steady surge, powerful as an ocean wave. Jeanine rides the wave, swimming closer and closer to my center. Her hips move against mine, the firm mound of her pubic bone thrusting ever so subtly, tantalizing me with its pressure.

Then she pulls away a little, and I see that she has caught my heat, her cheeks flushed darkly, her eyes wildly shining. "We've got to take off your dress," she murmers, "or it'll get all wrinkled and damp."

I glance at the curtained door. "But how can we...?"

"Yes, it'll be better..." To convince me, she lifts her purple shirt. For a moment her arms are held high, her torso lifted, and my body trembles with pleasure at the sight of her breasts, long and full, the nipples pink tight buds. Then she has gotten to her feet and is stripping off the blue jeans, throwing them to the side. The ankle bracelet is a fragile gold line on her nude body.

"I'll help you." She lifts the dress higher, works it up over my head. A I am nude too, the air touching my skin.

Slowly she lowers herself to lie full length upon me, one leg between my thighs, and her pelvis seems to sink into mine. I am so without resistance. I feel her heart pumping in quick rhythm against my chest.

Then she begins to kiss my shoulder, and moves down my arm until her mouth finds the inside of my elbow. Her tongue licks the tender skin, her lips kiss wetly. My whole arm vibrates with pleasure, and I can feel my cunt opening under the weight and warmth of her body. She moves to my wrist now, her tongue examining every millimeter of sensitive skin, until she leaves it to kiss my palm, lingering. It is thrilling to feel her lips in my hand.

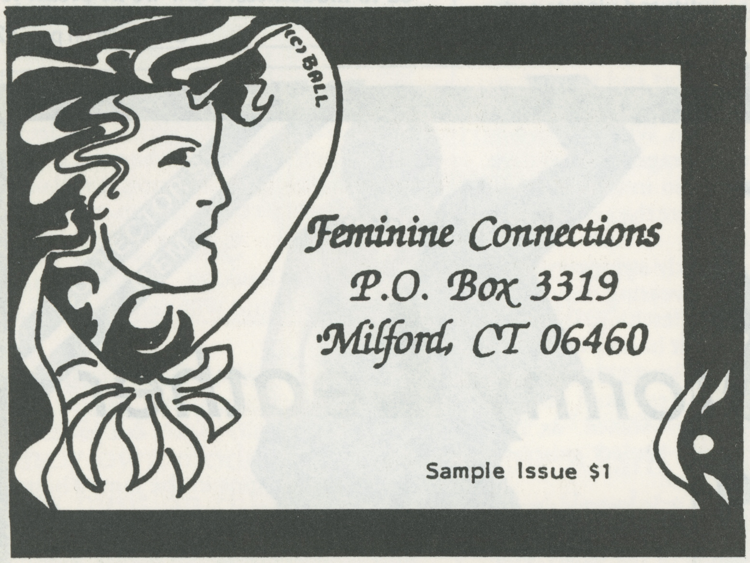
Deftly, she lifts herself and moves down to smooth my thighs. She leans to kiss, her cheek brushing my pubic hair, beginning a hot throbbing in my cunt. She moves down to my knee, her mouth encircling my kneecap, tongue tracing its contour. Then she sucks the muscle just below the kneecap, sending flutters of energy up inside my thigh to my vagina. She moves down again, briefly stroking my calves, and arrives at my feet, which she holds in conforting hands. She kisses my instep, and then sucks, as I begin to moan.

I have opened my eyes to find the image of the deity dancing on the wall above me. Her breasts flicker in the dim light. An arm, a foot, are raised. She tilts toward the next step, establishing a rhythm that I feel travel from her silvery body to mine. Moving, I join her in it, my hips circling now, slowly, subtly, my breasts lifting, hands braced against the rug.

Jeanine comes up to lie upon me, her mouth seeking my breast. I close my eyes as she kisses, teases, lifts and cradles, and I see the body of the silver woman moving in her passionate dance. I recognize those breasts, those neat narrow hips, the thickness of dark pubic curls. Opening my eyes, I see her face bent to my breast, the black hair falling forward, her look of intense concentration. Her lips close on my nipple and she sucks, tentatively at first, tenderly. Our movements happen together now, our hips and thighs undulating. Letting my head fall back, I close my eyes, giving in to this dance as Jeanine sucks more hungrily, her teeth closing with tantalizing care upon my hard straining nipple. I thrust my breast into her mouth and she takes it, sucking in as much as will fill her mouth.

Her hand has moved now down between my legs, seeking in my vagina, so wet and open now. She slips her fingers

Continued on page 12



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Continued from page 31

and Carol in *The Price of Salt* repeats this sense of ecstasy:

> *"Carol slipped her arm under (Therese's) neck, and all the length of their bodies touched, fitting as if something had prearranged it. . . . Carol kissed her on the lips, and pleasure leaped in Therese again. . . 'I love you,' Theresa wanted to say again, and then the words were erased by the tingling and terrifying pleasure that spread in waves. . . she was conscious of Carol and nothing else, of Carol's hand that slid along her ribs, Carol's hair that brushed her bare breasts. . . and she did not have to ask if this were right, no one had to tell her, because this could not have been more right or perfect.*

Psychiatric notions of lesbianism being caused by rape, trauma, or demented or sexually abusive parents find their way into most lesbian pulps. Even the best of pulp authors were unable to keep from including them. Laura in Bannon's novels was abused by her father at an early age. In *I am a Woman*, Laura hits her father over the head with a heavy ashtray when he tries to seduce her. Joyce in Taylor's *Whisper Their Love* has no living father and was seduced at an early age by her mother's second husband. The suggestion is that her lesbian relationship with Edith Bannister, a rather evil dean of students at a women's college, is the result of this trauma.

The appearance of lesbian pulps generated a varied public response. Men, who seem to form the bulk of paperback collectors, bought them for tittilation. Lesbians bought them, saved them, and hid them under mattresses. Lesbian activist/author Sally Gearhart reports throwing her pulps out a car window on the highway, and Kate Millet burned her copies. It was dangerous to keep them, because of the risk of being discovered.

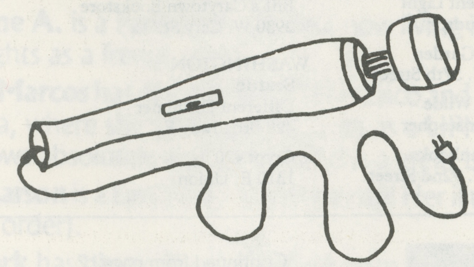
The government and the church reacted to the birth of the lesbian paperback with attempts at censorship. In the early 1950's, the National League for Decent Literature picketed newsstands, protested the publication and sale of books it considered to be pornographic, and even succeeded in getting a House Subcommittee appointed to investigate the distribution of pornographic books.

Meanwhile, authors of lesbian pulps received letters, some in the hundreds, from readers. Valerie Taylor, author of 5 novels about lesbians, says:

> *I had many letters from readers, forwarded by the publishers. Most of them were along the line of "thank you, I always thought I was the only one." They were pretty well scattered geographically. The writers who seemed more lonely were in the far west. . . one who made a profound impression on me lived in Wyoming and had never met another gay person. Some wanted to know where and how they could meet people. I also had, as every writer does, a few letters from people who thought they recognized themselves or their friends in the books."*

I wish I had found a pulp in 1965 when I had my first relationship with a woman. I never would have looked at those paperbacks with lurid covers; I was too sophisticated. Besides, I wasn't a lesbian! Lesbians to me then were the miserable creatures of the media. I just loved women. I hung out in Greenwich Village throughout my adolescence, but it never occurred to me to search for lesbian places.

When I finally read my first Ann Bannon pulps in 1980, I was seized with nostalgia for my teenage self, that girl who had continual, but secret crushes on other girls.



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5467 College Ave.

Mama Bears
6536 Telegraph

A Woman's Place
4015 Broadway

Sacramento
Lioness Books
2224 J Street

Fancy's

San Diego
Crypt #7
4094 30th Street

F Street
2004 University

San Francisco
Walt Whitman
2319 Market

Trading Post
336 Sixth Street

Small Press Traffic
3841-B 24th Street

Record Factory
2215 Market

Old Wives Tales
1009 Valencia

News on 24th
3920 24th Street

Music Media
1538 Polk

Modern Times
968 Valencia

Mister S
227 Seventh Street

Maud's
937 Cole

Jug's Liquors
2077 Market

Haight-Fillmore
518 Haight

Good Vibrations
3416 22nd Street

Distractions
1692 Haight

Bound Together Books
1369 Haight

Bookworks
2848 Mission

Ambush
1351 Harrison

North Hollywood
Rumours
10622 Magnolia Blvd.

West Hollywood
Circus of Books
8230 Santa Monica Blvd.

Pleasure Chest
7733 Santa Monica Blvd.

COLORADO
Denver
Category Six
909 E. Colfax

Crypt #10
2222 Broadway

CONNECTICUT
New Haven
Golden Thread
978 State

DELAWARE
Wilmington
Hen's Teeth
6 East 7th St.

FLORIDA
Ft. Lauderdale
Fallen Angel
3045 No. Federal Hwy. #98

Key West
Outright Books
901-C Duval

Miami
Humpers
7544 Biscayne

Tallahassee
Rubyfruit
666-4 W. Tennessee

Tampa
Lifestyle
202 S. Howard

HAWAII
Honolulu
80% Straight
2139 Kuhio Ave.

ILLINOIS
Chicago
Women and Children First
1967 No. Halstead

Unabridged
3751 N. Broadway

Machine Shop
3704 N. Halstead

His & Hers
944 W. Addison

INDIANA
Indianapolis
Dreams & Swords
828 E. 64th Street

IOWA
Davenport
Womens Works
1506 Harrison

KANSAS
Lawrence
Spinster Books
1101½ Massachusetts

LOUISIANNA
New Orleans
Faubourg Merginy
600 Frenchmen S.

MASSACHUSETTS
Amherst
Food For Thought Books
67 No. Pleasant St.

Boston
Glad Day
43 Winter

Cambridge
New Words
186 Hampshire St.

North Hampton
Womonfrye
22 Center

MICHIGAN
Detroit
Chosen Books
940 W. McNichols

Lansing
Book Coop
2011 E. Michigan

MINNESOTA
Minneapolis
Brother's Touch
1931 Nicollet

May Day Bookshop
3200 Chicago Ave.

NEVADA
Las Vegas
Asordid Sundries
4637 Paradise Rd.

NEW JERSEY
Englewood
Pandora Books
68 W. Palisade

NEW YORK
New York
Different Light
548 Hudson

Eve's Garden
119 W. 57th Street

Oscar Wilde
15 Christopher

Womanbooks
201 W. 92nd Street

Pleasure Chest
156 Seventh Ave. So.

Pleasure Chest
939 2nd Ave.

Saint Marks Bookshop
13 St. Marks Pl.

Le Magazin
45 Christopher St.

West Hempstead
Alternative Corner
374 Woodfield

OHIO
Cleveland
Body Language
3291 W. 115th St.

OREGON
Portland
Woman's Place
2349 S.E. Ankeny

Leatherworks
2908 S.E. Belmont

Eugene
Mother Kali
541 Blair

PENNSYLVANIA
Philadelphia
Giovanni's

Pleasure Chest
2039 Walnut St.

Woman's Book Connection
1006 Pine St.

TEXAS
Houston
Wilde & Stein
P.O. Box 66282

Austin
Bookwoman
324 Sixth Street E.

VIRGINIA
Richmond
Biff's Carytown Bookstore
2930 W. Cary St.

WASHINGTON
Seattle
Different Drummer
420 Broadway E.

Crypt #20
1310 E. Union

Bailey-Coy
408 Broadway E.

Tattoo You
1017 E. Pike St.

WASHINGTON, D.C.
Lamma's
321 Seventh Street S.E.

Lambda Rising
1625 Connecticut N.W.

CANADA
Calgary
A Woman's Place
1412 Center St. So.

Montreal
Librarie L'Androgyne
3642 Boul St. Laurent

Ottawa
Mags & Fags
279 Elgin St.

Toronto
Glad Day
598 A Yonge

Vancouver
Ariel
2766 W. Fourth Avenue

Little Sisters
1221 Thurlow

AUSTRALIA
New South Wales
Women's Health Center
Liverpool 2170

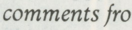
Continued from page 6

the husband wanting to get fucked in the ass, and his wife happy to oblige. What startling progress! Of course, gay men are in the vanguard of anal sexuality. Being in the vanguard means you suffer the most casualties, too. Our sexual heros and heroines are unsung, and are in fact the subjects of so much bigotry.

A few last words about cleanliness: If you don't know by now to wash-your-hands and don't-stick-your-buttplug/finger-into-your-cunt-until-it's-clean, you'd better go back to reading *Our Bodies, Ourselves*. If the idea of getting a few specks of shit on your paw unnerves you, it's time to grow up. More serious anal enthusiasts will do a small douche or enema to cleanse any fecal debris, but this isn't necessary for your average encounter (average, being say, up to three fingers wide and 4-6 inches in). Of course, if you're feeling raw or extra tender, come in out of the rain! Use your head and you will avoid the many pitfalls of anal mystiques and myths.

For more thorough and dignified information, I strongly recommend *Anal Pleasure and Health* by Jack Morin (Down There Press), the one and only text for the lay person on this crucial topic.

If that isn't enough, send $1.00 to Susie Sexpert, and I will send you your very own "I'd Rather Be Buttfucking" button, and watch your popularity soar.



__Toys For Us__ will be happy to accept queries, problems, and comments from our readers. Please address your letters to __Toys For Us__, On Our Backs, POB 421916, San Francisco, CA 94110.

Continued from page 12

returned into her fixity, one bangled foot eternally raised. But I see that the expression of her open mouth, which I had interpreted as a fierce snarl, is instead a smile of such rending sweetness that it draws from me a long quavering sign.

"Yes, love," Jeanine answers me. "Oh yes, my darling," her breath hot against the inside of my thigh.

We must hold each other for a long time before we are able to sit up. And then it is a while before she lifts the dress to slip it over my head, stopping to kiss me, our mouths slippery, wet with the heady odor of our bodies. Then I watch the purple blouse eclipse her breasts, the jeans slip up over her thighs. We stand touching each other gently, hands on each other's waists, and I sink into those dark eyes,

Continued on page 45

CONTRIBUTORS

- **Jacki Randall** is a self-taught artist and musician residing in Baltimore and trying to beat a niche for herself in the world.
- **Morgan Gwenwald** is a founding contributor to the lesbian sex phenomena. Her work has been published regularly in *On Our Backs* and *Bad Attitude*.
- **Ingrid Wilhite** has, in just a few short years, gone from cow-tipping and playing the accordian at the Quaker Church in Idaho, to churning out sleazy debauched lesbo comedy films in San Francisco.
- **Tee Corinne** is a regular contributor to *On Our Backs* and to the modern lesbian sex world as we now know it. Her photographic work is most recently published in *Yantras of WomanLove,* and her erotic short stories are featured in the women's erotica anthology *Pleasures.*
- **J.A. Cherry** is a San Francisco butchy photographer who cares for and comforts AIDS patients. She designed and contributed to OOB's Summer 85 issue.
- **KMC Minns** was born in Massachusetts in 1956. She is a full-blown Gemini: aspiring to the light side of things, but fully respecting the dark. She is into leather, and sophisticated, older, taller women. Her fantasy woman is someone she might find in the Katmandou club—as hungry and burning as the author herself. Her favorite color is black.
- **Honey Lee Cottrell** has entirely exposed herself in this issue's *Sexpoint* column.
- **Dawn Lewis** is an infatigueable S.F. photographer and all-around artist/entrepreneur. She has contributed many beautiful pieces to OOB, including our second issue cover.
- **Hayfield** is a nice jewish dyke living in Eugene, OR, with her lover, log, and two cats. She is a 34-year-old Sagittarius, outrageous in mind, body, and spirit.
- **D. Vader** proudly presents her first written fantasy in this issue. She is from a large Eastern city and is currently living in a small southern town. She hopes to move to San Francisco in the next year, where she plans to do less writing and more fucking.
- **Jan Boney** is une femme de Louisiane who now teaches French at a hot-shit northern university.
- **Sandy Boucher** is the author of two books of short stories; The *Notebooks of Lennie Claire,* and *Assaults and Rituals.* She has also written *Heartwomen,* a nonfiction book of women in the Mid-West, and is currently studying contemporary American women in buddhism.
- **Roberta Yusba** is a member of the San Francisco Gay/Lesbian History Project. She has been researching lesbian pulps for five years and has a slideshow on the subject.
- **Simone A.** is a Parisian ex-patriate now living in New York, where she is employed part time as a flight attendant. She moonlights as a french maid.
- **Erica Marcos** has one foot in San Francisco and the other in Brooklyn—but the rest of her body is in the People's Republic of China, where she spent several years as a UPI correspondent, and voice-over extraordinaire for Hong Kong sex films. She knows absolutely everybody, and is a great believer in personal ads.
- **Kim Larson** is a Earth Sign on her way up! Her illustrations and production assistance have been clit-blowing and invaluable (in that order).
- **P. Clark** has physically just arrived from a long trip to Thailand and Southeast Asia.
- **Dale Baron** is a freelance photographer whose work has graced many of OOB's past issues.

Continued from page 44

so open now, carrying me deep. The sound of the prayer wheel is a steady throb, reminding us of the eternity we have just left. As we lift the curtain to go out, I glance back at the woman whose body flashes in her dance, whose golden face beams at me.

When we stand outside the room, smoothing our clothes, we have entered another reality. A lighted corridor, blue-paneled, stretches away to the stairs. Closed doors flank us. Jeanine and I look at each other with stunned eyes.

We wander off, separately, I to find Ralph, who waits for me on the porch.

"You disappeared," he says, without reproach.

"Feeling better?" he asks, as he helps me into the car. And as he gets in the other side, he fixes me with a concerned gaze. "You look. . . hmm. . . more relaxed. . . The chanting must have been good for you."

I can only nod, mutely gazing at his long serious face.

We drive beneath old trees, heavily black and looming in the dark. High above is the pale crescent of moon. The night seems ancient beyond believing.

"You know," Ralph begins, "you might want to look at I.B. Horner's *Women Under Primitive Buddhism* or Diana Paul's *Women in Buddhism* to see if there's any mention of life changes. And then there's that journal of women and zen than comes out of Hawaii. . . well I don't know is they've ever tackled menopause but they've investigated the issue of abortion, and. . ."

Her hot mouth on me, her arms cradling my hips. The hum of both our bodies as we came.

(ALMOST) FREE PERSONALS

Dear On Our Backs:

Thank you so much for offering this free offer. I've never run an ad before and this was just the incentive to give me the nerve to do it. I'm sure it will be great publicity for the magazine, and stimulate lots of readers. Rest assured I am over 18.

Love, Stella H.

Dear Stella,

You took the words right out of our mouths! Free personal ads have been one of our most exciting and rewarding ideas. We want to keep this incredible network of hot women going, but we can't afford to run all these ads for free each time. So how about Almost Free? For $5.00 you can run any personal ad, with headline and Drawer Number, Under 50 words, in the next Fall Issue of **On Our Backs**. Women who placed an ad in this issue can run the same one over again, no matter how long it is, for the same $5. (Abbreviations like GF or S/M count as one word.) For a lousy $5 you can get amazing intimate mail, exciting dates every night of the week, maybe even the Ultimate Woman! Deadline is August 15, 1985, so don't delay. We're dying to hear from you!

Susie Sexpert, Editor and Classifieds Typist.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

ANYONE IN PHILADELPHIA

Interested in forming a woman-only C-R group about sex (along the lines of Lesbian Sex Mafia in NY?(Write with phone number I'll contact everyone who writes and arrange at least one meeting to get the ball rolling. Write to Drawer #81.

ATTENTION WOMEN MOTORCYCLISTS

Come to the Women's Motorcycle Festival! Write to: 7 Lent Ave., Leroy, NY 14482. (716) 768-6054.

PUBLICATIONS

OUTRAGEOUS WOMEN

A journal of woman-to-women S/M. Fantasy. Analysis. Erotic art, and much more. OW is a diverse national S/M quarterly by and for women. For inquiries send SASE. Subs: $11/yr. Single issues: $3. You must state you are over 18. P.O. Box 23, Somerville, MA 12143.

JUST US

A dating magazine exclusively for women wanting to meet women. $5 for details and sample copy to: Just Us, P.O. Box 80521-LX, Chamblee, GA 30341.

THE POWER EXCHANGE

A Newsletter for Women on the Sexual Fringe will be published six times a year. The subscription list will be kept completely confidential, and the newsleather will be mailed in a plain envelope. To subscribe, send a check for $15 to Pat Califia, P.O. Box 527, Richmond Hills, NY 11418-0527. Make checks payable to Pat Califia, not the newsleather. Include a signed statement that you are over 21 and wish to receive this sexually explicit material for your own personal use. Subscribers to the first issue will receive a FREE, new revised and updated lesbian hanky color code. Subscriptions outside the USA are $20, payable in US funds by post office money orders

FREE

"Sunshine Catalog" of lesbian/feminist t-shirts, clothing, jewelry, posters, notecards, etc. WMP/J&P, 374 Woodfield Road, West Hempstead, NY 11552

EIDOS

An Erotic Magazine for Women. Quarterly: $14.00 for one year. Send to Brush Hill Press, P.O. Box 96, Boston, MA 02137. (617) 333-0512

BUSINESS

LESBIAN SEXUALITY WORKSHOP/RETREAT

Weekend retreat for lesbians and bisexual women who would rather relate primarily to women or want to explore their lesbian side further. July 19-21, and again in Sept./Oct. Two hours south of San Francisco—beachfront house. Childcare-Carpools arranged. Sliding scale: $85-$175. Food included. Safe, nurturing, and confidential atmosphere to discuss sex and related issue. Call Dotty or Scotti: (415) 968-1981.

CHECK 'ER OUT AT THE CHECK 'ER INN!

Double rooms, coffee, parking one block from the bay. Open year round. 25 Winthrop St., Provincetown, MA 02657. (617) 487-9029.

BUSINESS

San Diego S/M Support Group meets two Sundays a month at 2 p.m. We meet at the San Diego Lesbian and Gay Men's Community Center. Support, raps, demos, parties, and play! For info, write: S.D.L.S.M.S.G., P.O. Box 8525, San Diego, CA 92102.

LOOKING FOR A THERAPIST?

Do you want to get more out of life. . . heal old wounds. . . change unwanted behaviors. . . improve the quality of your relationships? I am a licensed therapist offering psychotherapy, hypnotherapy, and psychic healing in my work. My specialty is substance abuse recovery and ACA issues. I can see you individually or as a couple. Offices in San Francisco and Berkeley. Sliding scale, insurance accepted. Call Scotti Cassidy, (415) 968-1981.

IT USED TO BE SO HOT! WHAT HAPPENED?

Sexual issues problem solving for lesbian couples and individuals. Short term, sliding scale. Dotty Calabrese in Mountain View, CA (415) 968-1981.

PERSONALS

Lesbian, tall, 29, wants to explore friendship or possible relationship. Not scared by challenging communication, honesty, or S/M. Chicago area. Drawer #67.

MANHATTAN LESBIAN

Successful Professional, 31, seeks lesbian in professional or business field 30-40 to share skiing, dining, country. Non-smoker preferred. Photo please. Drawer #75.

ADVENTUROUS WOMEN WANTED

Long-term lesbian couple (25-35) need spice. Seek third or couple for pleasure, fun and. . . We can sizzle! Take a chance/all answered. San Francisco. Drawer #74.

HUNGRY FOR FUN?

Two lesbian eggs, one brown medium and one white extra-large, seek third to whip up omelet of S/M fantasies, and toys; spiced with caring. Top/Bottom flexible. K.D., P.O. Box 31534, Oakland, CA 94604.

HOT SEX

Hot, Healthy Amazon, 6'2", seeks side dish. Not looking for wife (I have one). What's love got to do with it? Want a great time, no strings? Send photo and letter. San Francisco. Drawer #72.

CLASSY LASSIE

Affectionate collie and hot mistress would like to teach you a few new tricks. P.O. Box 29453, Oakland, CA 94604.

ANY WHICH WAY YOU WANT IT

Adult, sensuous, sultry, uninhibited, imaginative, playful, lusty, beautiful, horny, redhead seeks clean, creative, experienced, mature, handsome, knowledgeable, equipped, competent, top dykes with sense of humour for occasional odd, kinky, consensual, sleazy affectionate, safe, fantasyfull, S/M, B/D, FF, TT, etc., SEX. Send photo and suggestions. Drawer #70.

SMALL PRETTY

Philadelphia woman, opinionated, lively and gregarious, curious, willful, looking for thoughtful adventure, thoughtless passion, show & tell, and companionship on the road. I like to gossip, dress-up, lose my temper, get my hands dirty, rock and roll, decide the fate of nations, take long baths. No puppies, no possessiveness, no one-upman-ship, no cigarettes. Drawer #80.

MISTY SILKISS

Slim 5'10", 31, very attractive, wants you if you're pretty, responsive, femme and can enjoy my multi-orgasmic ability. I'm a humming bird desiring nectar. Accept me as bi (he had to) and you could gain a love relationship. Arrive in San Francisco from Chicago in July. No S/M reply needed or answered. Drawer #81.

I CAN BE A BITCH

In heat if you re butch enough to sweep me off my feet. I'm fat, Jewish, and sassy; you're at least husky—into flesh and into pleasuring me. I'm sure I can do the same for you. Bay Area. Drawer #78.

CUTE STRONG SMALL

A little shy, but also aggressive. Fun and serious. Mid-twenties. Want friendship and to see if there's a spark. Philly area. Drawer #77.

DOMINATRIX FOR HIRE

Strong, sensual, 26, available for fantasy fulfillment in New York. Willing to travel. Be my "O". Send photo, phone, and description of your desires. You deserve what I've got. Drawer #76.

LIFE'S A PASSION

Isn't it? Spirited, quite handsome, 24 yr old trim fem/androgenous, nasty as hell, hazel-eyed woman seeks woman of similar (and more) qualities: intelligent, strong, gentle, fully committed to playing life full out, supportive, authentic, and of course, disgustingly passionate. Please reply with photo/will return. San Francisco. Drawer #86.

LOOKING FOR A GOOD TIME?

Two mature, good looking women (just friends) looking for a third woman for hot sex. Requirements: You like to do it! Satisfaction guaranteed. Santa Rosa based. Don't be shy! Drawer #85.

BLACK LESBIAN COUPLE

Looking for a woman that we can sexually enjoy, and who can enjoy being made love to by two women. We have had positive experiences and are looking for more of the same. We are open to all forms of pleasure and your race is not important. Cleanliness is. An orgasm is a terrible thing to waste. Seattle. Drawer #83.

NO GUTS? NO GLORY!

Tough femme seeks soft butch. Woman of color preferred. I'm big, black, late 20's, and know what I want. Financially independent. Chicago area. Drawer #54.

STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT

Furtive glances, questionable motives, stolen kisses. Femmy butch looking for girl in black spikes, to explore smoky dives, seedy motels, and outer limits. Only femmes, sluts, slaves, and girls seeking discipline need apply. San Francisco area. Drawer #82.

HOT COUPLE

Hot Couple, 27 and 34 years old; into sex, drugs, rock 'n' roll, toys, and fun situations. Seek other womyn; single or couples, into same for hot times. 22487 Violet, Farmington, MI 48204.

CUTE AFFECTIONATE, FORTY

GWF, slim, sexually liberated, looking for sex, friendship, or whatever. No overweight. Let's explore our fantasies with open minds. Photo appreciated. Drawer #69. New York area.

FOR A GOOD TIME...

Tall, slender attractive 35 y/o seeks attractive fem women: 25-35. Been around the bar scene 18 years from coast to coast. I've had enough. I'm intelligent, sensitive, honest. Love the outdoors, classical music, a good cigarette, and good hard sex. Also nightpeople, the streets, rock and roll, the outlaw, sweet and tender sex! A twisted sense of humour, good food, junk food, country music and movies. Looking for friendship, sex, fun, and maybe some old-fashioned romance. San Francisco. Drawer #55.

CANADIAN LESBIAN...

Attractive, looking for American friends, possible relationship. New to S/M and B/D. Wants to learn. I'm not for drugs, drunks, or b.s. I'm honest, caring, and "real". You know who you are. Drawer #56.

SENSITIVE SENSUALIST SEEKS SAME

Voluptously fat, disabled femme, late 30's, exclusively lesbian, biracial, clean and sober. Tired of celibacy, need partners sensitive to all of above. Major erogenous zones include feet, mind, buttocks, and fourth chakra. I'm not interested in anonymous sex or marriage, other possibilities are negotiable. Drawer #52.

Hot, demanding, butch top from wrong side of tracks wants a very sexy, very naughty, fem bottom to give me pleasure any way I want it. Send photo and self-description. Seattle area. Drawer #77.

BRIGHT, ATTRACTIVE, L.A. FEM

Scorpio working in film industry seeks sexy butch 30+ with brains, ambition, style, intuition, and an aware, generous, and loving nature. Upwardly mobile, politically aware, spiritually inclined nature/film/animal lovers, vegetarians, cooks, and Dildo afficianados please apply! Into roles, not oppression! Looking for friend/Life Partner. Mild Bondage is fun... No smokers, please! Drawer #70.

BEHIND THE GREEN DOOR

I am an extremely feminine, very attractive bodybuilder who shares a fantasy with my lover. She wants to watch me be tied down and held captive against my will while one or more feminine women dominate me. Mild S/M, B/D, consensual rape fantasy. Maryland, D.C., Penn., NY, and surrounding areas. Drawer #68.

WANTED: INTENSE SEDUCTION

Black semi-butch professional psych student seeks intelligent soft butches and femmes who come on strong and deep in bed. Must be in D.C. or Buffalo, NY area. Drawer #76.

Half way between Chicago and Twin Cities live the two of us big women. Drink little, but do smoke. Not into S/M. Free most weekends for women and/or sex. Write to: Box 88, Reedsburg, WI 53959.

WANTED

Black butch(s) with tits size 40 and over. Must give bondage. I am a farmgirl into striptease acts and artificial instruments. All letters answered. Drawer #74.

COME OUT AND PLAY?

Me: Cute, androgenous, butch top 5'2", early 30's. You: Fem side of androgenous, passionate, and yourself. Meaningful conversation also seductive. Drawer #73.

NEW YORK LESBIAN

Blue eyes, Brown hair, 29-year-old professional seeks other lesbians for sharing life's simple pleasures. Drawer #72.

SAN DIEGO RAVEN

I know who you are, and what you really want. Rhinestones are truly you and I know exactly where they should be placed. Love and affection, Kindra.

PERSONAL...

Professional WLF, 31, interested in friendship, doing things, and sex. Wash. DC area. Send phone number—I'll call. Drawer #84.

PERSONALS

Lesbian, 38, Short, Blue eyes, financially secure, buying home, seeks others for friendship and possible relationship. Likes women and lots of loving. No drinkers or heavy smokers. Indiana area. Drawer #53.

ADVENTUROUS LESBIAN

30, 5'1", blue eyes, located in central Indiana, would like to meet other lesbians for friendship and possible relationship. Drawer #63.

VERY PERSONAL

Professional, goddess-worshipping Italian lesbian seeking Dianic coven in South Bay area for rituals and training in wicca magick. Drawer #64.

MINNEAPOLIS!

Inexperienced young dyke would like to explore sexuality on my back or on my knees with aggressive woman. I like leather and/or muscles, and I dislike pain. Drawer #49.

ARIES SUN

Aries sun, scorpio moon, 28 years old, tall, blond and difficult, seeks brave, intellegent, fine female animal. NYC-area preferred. Will consider correspondence. Send photo and/or work of art. Drawer #50.

PASSIONATE PRINCESS

Intellectual eclectic awaits her butchy, womanly prince: slim-bodied, long fingered, erudite, and carressingly sharp-witted, lover of 30+ years. Drawer #59.

HOUSTON, TEXAS

Attractive soft butch, 33, blond hair, blue eyes, 5'9", 160 lbs, sensitive, responsible top wants, sensual bottom for spankings and bondage. Also good with "little girls" (of all legal ages) who will be examined, possible shaves, and spanked. Will help with your fantasies! Will call you collect for phone sex. Photo or self-description desired. Discretion wanted and given. Drawer #58.

HOT LESBIAN

I masturbate to erotica. I like menstrual sex, dildos, and fisting. Especially love anal sex. Attracted to virgins, women who do not shave, small tits, and bodybuilders. All women! Drawer #57

SMART AND HOT

Young, beautiful, muscular female biomedical research scientist, seeks interesting, aggressive womem for friendship and possible sexual adventures. Send photo/phone. Southern California. Drawer #52

SHY AND BI

31-year old Chicago bisexual seeks bi woman only for adventurous sex and possible romance. I like lingerie, toys, and gentle S/M. Must accept heterosexuality. What's your fantasy? Drawer #65.

Lesbian Feminist, 36, politically active. Am bored with shortage of sex and intimacy. I am seeking attractive, creative, women with high level awareness and adventurous spirit. Let me take you on a unique tour. Louise, (408) 423-9738. Santa Cruz.

HOW TO ANSWER A PERSONAL AD

Write your reply to the woman you're interested in. Seal it in an envelope, with your return address in the top left-hand corner, and a first class stamp on the right. Write in her Boxholder Number in the middle of the envelope. Now fold this envelope and put it in *another* envelope, which you will address to *On Our Backs—Personals*, POB 421916, San Francisco, CA 94142. When we receive your reply, we will take out the inside envelope, and address it to the woman's real name and address. Then we will post it in the mail the next day. By following each of the steps to the detail, you will ensure your privacy, and get the speediest delivery.

DESPERATE DYKE

I'm on my knees. Surely there are women of power and trust in Tidewater, VA. I want a relationship complete with hot sex. Willing to explore and expand limits. Drawer #62.

NY ADVENTUROUS LESBIAN

Mid-30's intelligent business professional into leather, moderate S/M as bottom, seeks stable career-oriented adventurous lesbian for friendship and other possibilities. Into dancing, outdoor activities, cultural events, etc. Drawer #61.

SEXY SASSY

Hot femme bottom seeks arrogant, demanding butch top for sexual adventures of all kinds. No drugs. Portland, OR area. Drawer #60.

SENSUOUS ROMANTIC

Artistic, intimate U.C.L.A. woman looking for hot summer romance in San Francisco. I'm 5′7″, pleasingly androgenous femme. Let's see the sights, have adventures. No S/M. Drawer #59.

SOPHISITCATED AND SULTRY

This petite, blue-eyed beauty needs a gorgeous NYC woman to adore her. She enjoys nightclubbing, working out, and the beach. Let's do it together. Phone and photo. Drawer #69.

CLASSY SLIM BUSINESS LADY

30 years old, would like to meet same. Luv to play top and bottom both. S/M on light side ok. Prefer workaholics like myself along with intelligence. Prefer Southern CA responses. Drawer #53.

BEAUTIFUL, PETITE, SINGLE

Bisexual. W/F, 25, 5′1″, 100 lbs., seeks to correspond or meet other aggressive W/Bi Lesbians, experienced in hot sensuous feminine love. Can travel So. Calif. Detailed letter and sexy photo for mine and reply. Drawer #68.

FUCK BUDDY WANTED

Sizzling, petite blonde femme, seeks handsome, trim, muscular butch who comes equipped. Must be caring enough to be gentle and experienced enough to ease me into heavier action. I ask for what I want and am eager to please a woman who can do the same. Not into marriage, but not into one-night-stands either. I'd like a friend I can workout with, dance, watch TV, share feeling and nurturance with. I am educated, upwardly mobile, and health-conscious. Prefer same. No heavy drinkers, drug users, egomaniacs, or bisexuals. P.O. Box 3281, Oakland, CA 94609.

STRONG FEMME

Attractive, intelligent, feminine entrepeneur seeks partner, friend and lover. I'm 28, German/Mexican American, open to meeting women of all ages and races. No butches. Chicago area. Drawer #54.

ROUGH TOP

In New York. I am 39, erotic, exotic, and an all-around class act. Similar to me, you must be in excellent mental, physical, and financial shape. No clones, no games. No response: your loss. Drawer #62.

RENAISSANCE WOMAN

Relocating to Chicago, wishes to meet dazzling urbanite. Write: P.O. Box 483, Westville, IN 46391.

WANTED: FEMME SLAVE

Tall, strong, butch top with active imagination seeks attractive, experienced, creative femme slave. Scenes emphasize worship, ownership, self-abasement and humiliation. Communication of fears, desires, and feelings is essential. No tobacco smokers. Bay Area. Drawer #65.

BALTIMORE'S BEST

Looking for a hot loose time. Anywhere on East Coast. Nothing is ruled out. Up for adventure and excitement. Drawer #58.

CHICAGO LESBIAN

Handsomely beautiful, 30, butch—5′7″, Green eyes, athletic build, native Chicagoan, financially secure, is available for escorting any visiting or relocating bisexuals or lesbians around beautiful Chicago. Can be strictly fun, business or pleasure. Possibilities are limitless. No fees—Enjoy meeting new women and sharing "gay Chicago". Please send dates of visit and description, desires, etc. Photo when possible. Phone conference to follow up. Drawer #57.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

I'm married, he understands. Seeking non-smoking ladies who are kind and sincere. Age 26, 5′4″, overweight, but cute. Lonely for love. Send letter, pix, C.C., P.O. Box 792, Escondido, CA 92025.

SEXY BISEXUAL

Seeks friendship, and lovers who feel secure and self-confident enough to be unthreatend by my feelings for others (of both sexes). I have much affection to offer. South Bay Area. Drawer #63.

DENVER DYKE

Denver dyke seeks couple 30-40 for menage-a-trois and more. Please, no S/M, smokers, or alcoholics. I am gentle, passionate, and emotionally stable. Drawer #51.

CLASSIFIEDS OR PERSONALS AD FORM

Mail to: ON OUR BACKS
P.O. Box 421916
San Francisco, CA 94142

HEADING ______

$ 3 ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

$ 5 ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

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$ 9 ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

$11 ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

$13 ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

CLASSIFIEDS: Write your ad in the boxes. Each space between words, each punctuation mark takes up a box. No line minimum. $3 for first line. $2 per line thereafter. Ads MUST be paid in advance. NO PHONE ORDERS!

DISPLAY RATES: Call for Rate Sheet. (415) 751-7341.

DATE ______
NAME ______
ADDRESS ______
CITY ______ STATE ______ ZIP ______
PHONE ______
Signature ______
(I am over 18 years of age)

☐ Please run my ad for ______ issue(s).
Enclosed is total payment of $______.

All personals under 50 words will be run for $5 in a one-time offer for the fall issue. Personals in this issue can be run again for $5, no limit on length. $5 includes headline and drawer number/service.

DEADLINES: 15th of Feb, May, Aug, Nov. preceding the issue.

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**3 COMPLETELY DIFFERENT LIVE SHOWS
FEATURING SOME OF TODAY'S
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SHE DIDN'T
EVEN KNOW
SHE HAD ONE
...THEN IT
SET HER FREE
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FILMED IN 35 MILLIMETER

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in color with soundtrack

PRIVATE PLEASURES

☐ Home along with only her furs, her fingers and lesbian porn on her VCR, this Asian lovely watches Penthouse, a classy seducation scene with heart-stopping action (30 min)

FUN WITH A SAUSAGE/L'INGENUE

☐ Adventures and laughs galore when a novice baby dyke visits her first lesbian bar and meets with the experienced and sophisticated "Cruise-of-Death Bambino" (sold together 30 min)

SHADOWS

☐ For the lesbian s/m connoisseur (30 min)

ORDER NOW PAGE 43

Lesbian acted, produced, directed and filmed